JOHN BULL, MAY 4, 1940.
VOL. LXVII. 1768.

OVER £800 CASH TO BE WON—See Page 23

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

Now's the time to get a Bicycle!

To-day a bicycle is a necessity for all errands and visits. It has become fashionable to be seen shopping on a B.S.A "Streamlight"...

In the B.S.A works every part is "quin-tested," made precision-perfect. You get only the best in a B.S.A.

Steel used for the B.S.A "Streamlight" Bicycle is specially made by B.S.A themselves—steel that makes a B.S.A a lifetime job.

NO OTHER BICYCLE HAS THESE SIX FEATURES

1. "Duragleem" Extra-Coat Process of Rust-proofing and Enamelling ensures a brilliant finish withstanding a life-time of wear.
2. Gracefully designed B.S.A "Fulkrum" Reinforced Fork Crown making the bicycle the safest on the road.
3. "Staychrome" Treatment on all plated parts—the longest-wearing plating known.
4. "Spinway" Precision-Balanced Chainwheel—a B.S.A design no one can copy—ensuring maximum ease-of-running.
5. The famous B.S.A Hubs with an oil-smooth action that makes riding so effortless.
6. Every part of a B.S.A "Streamlight" Bicycle is "Quintested" to conform with the standard of precision implicit in the B.S.A name.

Note the "Spinway" Precision-Balanced Chainwheel—a B.S.A design no one can copy—that gives maximum ease of running.

When you are tired at the end of a strenuous day it's easier to ride home on a B.S.A "Streamlight."

Here's why you should get the new

B.S.A

Streamlight

"A Bicycle made for you"

Just watch the roads and notice how people are "getting there" by bicycle. But notice also how they ride B.S.A. For, people *who must have the best* know they get it when they buy a light, easy-riding B.S.A "Streamlight."

B.S.A have always excelled in craftsmanship—in engineering and research that is consistently ahead of the times. That's why the B.S.A "Streamlight" Bicycle offers you comfort, safety, durability and the lightness so essential to luxury cycling.

B.S.A "Streamlight" Models (men's or women's) from

£6.3.9

10/- Deposit on all Models
And from 2/11 weekly.

PLEASE ACCEPT THIS FREE GIFT COPY of "TRAVEL IN WAR TIME" by H. V. MORTON, *(author of "In Search of England", etc.,) and a B.S.A "Streamlight" Bicycle Catalogue.*

JUST POST THIS COUPON TO
B.S.A Cycles Ltd., 63, Armoury Road, Birmingham, 11

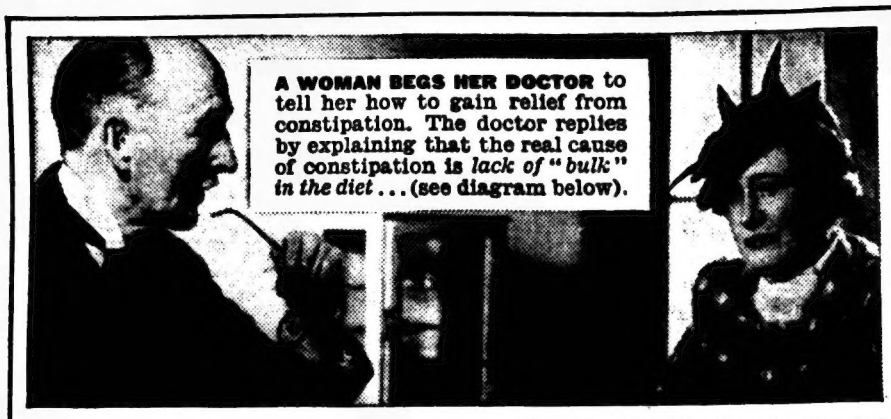
NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

6.3/4/5

B.S.A Cycles Limited, 63, Armoury Road, Birmingham, 11



A WOMAN BEGS HER DOCTOR to tell her how to gain relief from constipation. The doctor replies by explaining that the real cause of constipation is *lack of "bulk" in the diet* . . . (see diagram below).

A FOOD RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

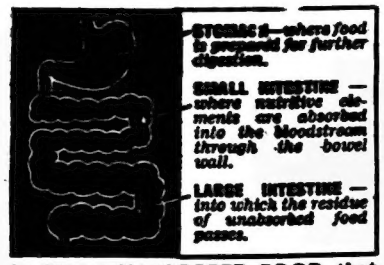
THE foods we depend on today contain very little "bulk."

Meat, fish, white bread, milk, potatoes, eggs — our daily staples — get almost entirely absorbed into the system. Because of this, the muscles of the large intestine have nothing to "take hold of." They cease to work and you get constipated.

Don't expect purgatives to give you lasting relief. They shock the bowel into action, but that action over, you soon need another purgative. Besides, constantly shocking the bowel may lead to serious harm.

Doctors today recommend Kellogg's All-Bran. This natural bulk food relieves constipation *naturally* by supplying the bulk missing from our present day food.

Eat All-Bran regularly every day, drink plenty of fluids and you can say goodbye to constipation. You'll be gloriously healthy and full of energy. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's All-Bran, 7½d. a packet.


STOMACH—where food is prepared for further digestion.
SMALL INTESTINE—where nutritive elements are absorbed into the bloodstream through the bowel wall.
LARGE INTESTINE—into which the residue of unabsorbed food passes.

IF THE UNABSORBED FOOD that passes into the large intestine is not bulky enough, the muscles cannot "take hold" of it. You get constipated.

ALL-BRAN provides the "bulk" that muscles need to take hold of and so brings about a normal regular movement. All-Bran is not a drug, not a medicine, but a crisp breakfast food.

MY OLD SELF AGAIN. "Some months back I could hardly drag myself round. I had my suspicions that constipation was the trouble, but could find no permanent relief. Then my wife started giving me All-Bran for breakfast. Within two weeks I was 'regular' and now I'm full of energy." *(Letter on file.)*

Her teeth are "white lies"

'She's lucky to have such white teeth, they say. Lucky . . .? Why, these teeth are sham-white! Lovely to look at—but dulled with unpleasant tartar behind, where it's never seen. *Un*lucky she doesn't use Solidox.

The day she—or anyone, including you—starts to use Solidox disagreeable tartar begins to disappear. Remember this . . . ordinary brushing fails to move tartar. Can't move it once it has taken hold.

Solidox *does* move tartar—because Solidox is the only toothpaste that contains the anti-tartar ingredient Ricinosulphate. Remember this, tartar can form breeding places for germs that may cause serious trouble in teeth and gums. Solidox prevents that risk.

You'll find Solidox pleasant to use. And it's so gentle it can't harm enamel. When you pay the dentist your regular visit he'll guess you're using Solidox. There won't be all that tartar to remove.

The mirror says "Danger!" It shows the tartar that lies behind "sound" teeth.

Tartar is often the first sign of trouble. That's why dentists all over the country recommend and approve Solidox. It helps them in their fight to eradicate this danger to sound teeth. Solidox both prevents and removes tartar. You're more than wise to use it!

Covered by British Patent No. 259942

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

SOL 20-515-65

"Remember this, Betty, when it's your turn to wed"

"Spring's the time to wash your blankets, Betty. That's when the fine drying days come, with plenty of sun and wind."

"Yes, Aunt Susan."

"And mind you wash them with Sylvan Flakes — they're the finest, purest soap flakes you can buy."

"Yes, Aunt Susan."

"And remember — blankets washed in Sylvan Flakes will keep soft and fleecy for years. They'll never have that horrible musty smell, no matter how long you store them away."

"I know, Aunt Susan. And Sylvan Flakes don't make your hands red, because there's no soda in them."

"Well I never! Worrying about your hands at your age! What else do you know about Sylvan Flakes?"

"I know that Sylvan Flakes are safe with silks and woollies and that you get half as much again for your money."

"Well, Betty, you've got an old head on those young shoulders. You'll make some man a real good wife before you're many years older."

HOW SYLVAN FLAKES ARE QUICKER, SAFER AND MORE ECONOMICAL

HOUSE-PROUD women who wash blankets at home know the value of Sylvan Flakes. They know from experience that Sylvan gives more and richer lather. Sylvan Flakes are amazingly economical — you get half as much again for your money as with the usual expensive kinds. And there's no soda in Sylvan to roughen and redden your hands.

SYLVAN FLAKES USE SYLVAN AND SAVE

Get the Giant Pack 1/- Other economy sizes 6d. & 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY & CO., LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

The Family Physician

THE RIGHT KIND OF PICK-ME-UP

We owe a lot to Phensic.

Not only as a pain-reliever and a fever-reducer—but as a very special pick-me-up.

It's easy to test the valuable pick-me-up powers of Phensic. Try two tablets when you're feeling down or 'low'—when you can't get on with things.

You'll discover almost at once that you begin to feel better. Your head will clear. It's a fine stimulation—just as though you'd tapped a hidden store of energy.

Mind you, there's no question of a 'kick' only to be followed by another 'let-me-down.' There's no untoward reaction—neither your heart nor your stomach will say unkind things about Phensic.

Another remarkable thing about Phensic is this: Phensic calms the nerves. It soothes away irritability. It helps you to concentrate, and (what is one of its most valuable qualities) when the time comes for sleep you sleep soundly and well.

This tonic strengthening effect of Phensic is well described in the words of a well-known doctor and surgeon who says: "In my experience patients treated with Phensic have a smoother convalescence and do better than those treated otherwise."

Every chemist has Phensic Brand—you can get it for 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- or 5/-. With each pack you will find an informative leaflet giving full details of this excellent little tablet, explaining how it works and why it is so safe—even for invalids.

Wheels spinning — hammers clanging — Britain goes to work to build an invincible war machine.

LYBRO RUSH TO MEET THE NEEDS OF BUSY BRITAIN!

Industry absorbs new workers—overall orders come pouring in, Lybro are working at top pressure so that you can be sure of getting a genuine Lybro overall. But please order early—just in case your stockist has to wait a day or two for new supplies.

JOHN BULL

Thursday for week ending Saturday, May 4, 1940. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

Telephone • • Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

Adolf Demands the Impossible

SCANDINAVIA must be subjugated within six weeks, according to the imperative order given to the Nazi High Command. Allied High Command knows that it can't be done.

Reason for haste is that Hitler wants his hands free to "press all the buttons" before Spring ends, to use his 7,000,000 grey-clad troops in attacking South-East Europe and France as a desperate effort to force peace before the British blockade strangles him.

Goering wants his air force free to give 100 per cent. support to these projects.

SWEDES OF VICTORY

As reports reached addled Adolf and harassed Hermann of their troops being outfought by the British in fifteen feet of Norwegian snow, fresh divisions were rushed up to Baltic ports in preparation for an invasion of Sweden.

As many as forty warplanes were sent over Sweden each day to spot the defences.

It was hoped that this war of nerves would force Sweden into the Nazi camp. If this form of Swedish exercise failed, then actual invasion would begin.

FIFTH COLUMN ROUND-UP

These moves failed to awe Germany's neutral neighbours. On the contrary, Nazi prestige suffered another setback.

Neutrals stiffened their attitude, realising Hitler's dread of a long war in Norway that would give the Allies new air bases from which to attack Germany.

Refusing to sell oil to Hitler, Rumania rubbed salt in the wound by offering to sell it to Turkey. Holland, Belgium and Yugoslavia rounded up their fifth columns.

RED SOMERSAULTS

Italian war of nerves is flagging. Less anti-British vitriol stains the columns of its newspapers. Highly

All Greek harbours have been placed at the Allies' disposal; our liaison officers have already arrived. Mastery of eastern Mediterranean is even more complete.

* * *

authoritative reports to JOHN BULL emphasise that Italian industry and finance are in no state to face a major war.

Stalin seems to be turning another breath-taking somersault by offering to trade with Britain, by hurriedly building fortifications on his own side of the Rumanian frontier.

That hardly suggests he is preparing to attack Rumania. Nor can he be cheerful at the prospect of Nazi bases in Sweden and the Aaland islands.

GOING TO BALKANS

Stalin and Mussolini may be throwing dust in Allied eyes, but the Supreme War Council refuses to be blinded, has plans to meet every possibility.

The two certainties are that Nazi designs on Norway and Sweden have no prospect of success, and that an extension of the war to the Balkans is more than ever imminent.

AND DON'T FORGET

B.E.F. in France is marking time, putting in a good deal of spade work between skirmishes with the enemy.

Good sense in that, but the recent raids took place at night, when business could not be "dislocated."

Some people, rushing down to the sea front to watch the spectacle, might have been killed.

Others, who took shelter, did not know when it was safe to go home because no "All Clear" siren was sounded.

BUDGET REACTIONS

Expecting dismay at the burdens of his Budget, Sir John Simon finds instead that most people think it too light..

Even the United States wants us to spend more on arms, for obvious reasons.

Critics stress Nazi war expenditure of £3,000,000,000 a year. Ours is estimated at £2,000,000,000 this year. Yet Sir John made it clear that this estimate might be exceeded.

And it probably will, for exact figures cannot be given to help Hitler judge the size of our war effort.

MEETING THE BILL

In a penny pamphlet by Douglas Jay, just issued by the Labour Party, appeal is made for higher taxation of the rich and an annual capital levy.

Mr. Jay points out that 400,000 people own £12,000,000,000 of property.

A 2 per cent. tax on these persons' fortunes would bring in £240,000,000 a year. A tidy sum!

Both he and Sir John Simon should be interested in news that millionaires have increased by 107 in the last year.

Three thousand more people have reached incomes of £2,000 a year.

STOP SPENDING

No criticism of Sir John on one point: his anxiety to damp down our spending so that exports can be increased.

Latest trade figures are like the curate's egg. Though exports keep up at last year's totals, the excess of imports over exports is twice as high.

That won't do.

We must not only reduce imports but almost double our sale of goods abroad.

Much is hoped for by our new trading organisation in the Balkans.

DEARER FOOD PLEA

To the Food Minister come deputations urging dearer food. Bakers want an extra 1d. or 2d. on the four-pound loaf. Milk may go up by a penny a pint. Eggs, vegetables and fruit are on the upgrade.

Some rises may be inevitable, even though the Government still spends a million a week on trying to avoid them.

But there's one scandal Lord Woolton must investi-

Stalin's determination to attain proposed new trade agreement with Britain arises from two facts: Hitler is furious because Russian goods aren't reaching him quickly enough, and Stalin wants to show him who's Boss. Also, Kremlin wants a diplomatic victory to offset Nazi threats to neutrals in whom the Soviet is interested.

* * *

gate—the sending of huge quantities of fruit to refuse destructors.

Has somebody been holding stocks back to create a shortage and thus get bigger prices?

The suspicion may be unfounded. But the public has a right to receive an official explanation.

Will Lord Woolton investigate?

WASTE IN SERVICES

Complaints continue also of waste in the Services. It is said that in southern Scotland farmers are getting more waste meat from Army camps than they can take away for pig-feeding.

R.A.F. is alleged to be over-ordering.

The authorities are eager to eliminate waste.

Apparently there are still some camps to which their attention has not been drawn.

(Continued overleaf)

SAVE YOUR PAPER FOR RE-MAKING.

● Owing to official restrictions on paper supplies, you *must* place a regular order for "John Bull" with your newsagent. Otherwise you will not get it.

Registered readers are reminded that their qualification for our Free Air Raid Insurance and Comprehensive Household Benefits is contingent upon the newsagent with whom they are registered holding an order to supply "John Bull" weekly.

Many advertisements are omitted so that readers may have the best possible value.

You can help only by ordering your copy to be reserved or delivered every week.

If, after placing this order, you experience difficulty in obtaining your copy, please write to us immediately.

Although overshadowed by events in the North, its men are still in the front line against Nazi hordes.

Don't let's forget it!

ONCE UPON A TIME

Advance column of Nazi lie-mongers is a new, beautifully produced magazine seeking to flood Holland and Belgium with anti-British propaganda.

What are we doing to counter such effusions of the egregious Goebbels?

Well, at war's outbreak detailed plans were given to the Ministry of Information for a first-class magazine to present the Allied case in caricatures and pictures, to be printed in many languages.

Eight months later the scheme is still "under consideration."

PERPLEXED WARDENS

Here's something for Sir John Anderson's consideration: those Nazi minelaying raids off the south-east coast.

One lasted for three hours. Roofs were damaged by splinters from heavy anti-aircraft fire. A shell, misfired, whizzed through the streets of one town.

Yet no air raid warnings were sounded; local wardens write to us in perplexity.

RUSHED TO DANGER

Rule is to avoid sounding the warning, except when an actual shore raid is in progress, to prevent unnecessary dislocation of business.

General Falkenhorst, Nazi commander in Norway, has sent an SOS to Berlin for fuel. There's so little petrol in Oslo that military transport is held up; British forces have cut off his supplies from Bergen.

* * *

Continued from Preceding Page

KNOWS THE FACTS

Prince Frederick of Prussia's stay in Britain is worrying some M.P.s. **They want Sir John Anderson to intern him, are highly indignant because he was recently the guest of a well-known politician.**

Sir John won't bow to the clamour.

He probably knows the real facts better than the angry M.P.s.

MINISTER UNDER FIRE

His fellow-Minister, Mr. Ernest Brown, is still under fire because of the misdeeds of provincial medical boards passing men into the Services.

Latest instance concerns a man passed into Grade I by a board of five doctors. When he was called up, the Army M.O. refused to accept him.

After walking about in civilian clothes for three months, he has now been sent home pending discharge as medically unfit.

ARMY OR ARMAMENTS?

Two men with the B.E.F. were working on munitions when they were called up. Another Territorial, a Grade III man, is now in an Army cookhouse instead of doing his job as a toolmaker in an aircraft firm.

He has been told he is more valuable in the Army.

Since they are all trained soldiers, the Army view can be justified.

But they should surely be transferred to units where their specialist ability could be fully used

THIS IS WRONG

One minor grievance cannot be justified on any [illegible] **Conscripts are entitled by law to be reinstated in their old jobs after the war; volunteers have** [illegible] protection.

[illegible] Parliament long to [illegible].

TO BE REMEMBERED

Nearly all the two thousand coloured seamen in Cardiff, out of work a few months ago, are back at sea; fifty have been killed by bomb, torpedo or mine.

In preparation for possible Western Front offensive, Nazi G.H.Q. has ordered all hotels and big houses within sixty miles of Siegfried Line to be converted into casualty stations.

* * *

These men, patriots in the best sense of that abused word, are doing a dangerous job without grumbling.

They'll deserve a fair deal when the shipping industry suffers another peace time reorganisation.

HERE'S THE ANSWER

In an old timbered building on Thames-side, where once Queen Elizabeth's battleships stood on the stocks, a great cocoa firm now makes huge quantities of sweet chocolate for the Navy.

Taste changes, but are British Naval men any softer than when salt pork was the staple diet?

Narvik is the answer.

WHY THE HUSH-HUSH!

Months ago JOHN BULL wanted to tell you something of the ingenious method by which the R.A.F. has destroyed vast numbers of magnetic mines. **We were told that an official statement would be published "shortly."**

Since people in the coastal towns see this method in operation nearly every day, and since by now Nazis must have an idea or two about it, why the secrecy?

● Empire's Coloured Heroes
● Doctor's Dilemma—1940
● Magnetic Mine Secrecy
● Electricity Scandal Protest

FACING PROTESTS

Capt. Euan Wallace, Minister of Transport, who sampled M.P.s' anger last week on the subject of railway charges and delay, has now to face angry protests against electricity scandals.

Some companies have more than doubled their rates. Shops burning less light because of the black-out find that their bills have jumped from £14 to £24 or so in a quarter; private residents complain of 120 per cent. increases.

Capt. Wallace is now reviewing the whole position, may possibly use his powers to order a scaling-down of charges.

METER COMPLAINTS

There are also complaints against inaccurate meters. Tests are alleged to have shown errors of 5 or 7½ per cent.

Testing is done by the county council for a fee (usually 10s. 6d.), which is returnable if the meter is proved wrong.

SEEMS UNFAIR

Lord Woolton, Food Minister, is finding much less criticism than his predecessor. "Give him a chance"

Allies have secured an option on world's supplies of nickel except that in Russian-Finland, which Stalin has refused to sell to Germany.

* * *

attitude has enabled him to get on with his plans free from interruption.

Despite inequalities in distribution, food supply remains good. There's so much butter—and the price is so high—that you don't need coupons in many districts to get as much butter as you want.

But people who want sugar for preserving fruit feel aggrieved at getting a form stating that the fruit must be grown in their own garden or allotment.

This favours, they say, the man with a big garden, penalises the little man and his wife who have to buy their supplies.

FOR HUNTING ADOLF

Save for Victory Campaign now brings in about £4,400,000 a week, and has so far yielded the astronomical total of £128,000,000.

But some people don't seem to have heard of it. An anonymous donor has offered £250 so that the Quarme Harriers can continue to hunt hares and foxes in Somerset, war or no war.

Wouldn't it be better spent hunting Hitler?

APPOINTMENT PROBLEM

People of Stanley, Co. Durham, are still discussing the appointment of a councillor to a paid A.R.P. job.

The secretary of the local Labour Party tells us that the council had no say in the matter.

We know.

We are surprised only that the whole subject of official appointments has not been debated in Parliament.

Surely M.P.s must be aware of widespread dissatisfaction with both A.R.P. and Ministry of Food appointments?

CHANGING ATTITUDE

Widespread comment, also, on the gradual change in M.P.s' attitude towards the enemy.

Last September it was emphasised that we had no quarrel with the German people, despite our determination to crush Hitlerism. From that we have worked up to Mr. Duff Cooper's violent diatribe against the German people as a whole.

Has Britain contracted war fever?

(A. G. G. trenchantly deals with this subject on page 5.)

Change has taken place because of **undeniable reports** on the German **public's viewpoint.**

ROOTING FOR HITLER

Last autumn it was thought, by **neutrals as well as the British Government, that a severe** winter might **induce Germany to overthrow Hitler if assured of reasonable** treatment by the **Allies.**

Hope proved unfounded.

Most non-Nazi Germans, despite their lack of enthusiasm for the war, evidently believe that their country's best chance lies in passive support to Hitler.

Revolt may come eventually, but **probably not until** Germany has suffered a crushing military defeat.

POLES AS SERFS

Nazi inhumanity grows in savagery.

A sixty-year-old business man has been sentenced to six months' jail for talking to Polish prisoners sent to work at his factory.

No two Poles from one family are allowed to work in one village. They must not be given mattresses or bed-

Reason for fights between the crews of German battleships and U-boats is that the U-boat men are Nazis; others are mostly non-political.

* * *

ding, can sleep only in barns and stables. They must be lashed if their work is unsatisfactory.

Little wonder that they are officially referred to as "slaves."

Incidentally, farmers are told that the French and British will soon be working for them as serfs.

BUSY FIRING SQUADS

New move is against Spain, where Nazi missions have just arrived. Falangists, pro-German supporters of Franco, have been told to make him line up completely with Nazism, or turn him out.

But that little general, intent on helping Germany without risking Allied displeasure, is probably shrewd enough to avoid joining the 1,300,000 prisoners who still linger in his jails and are passed over to the firing squad at the rate of 1,000 a month.

The Mask has Fallen

A. G. GARDINER declares. He thrusts a shaft of realism through any lingering haze there may be about the responsibility of the German people for the war

CLEARLY the temper of this country and of the world has been profoundly changed by the black treachery through which the bandits of Berlin were able to seize Denmark and Norway.

Hitherto we have, wisely or unwisely, attempted to discriminate between Hitler and the German nation.

Over and over again our spokesmen, from the Prime Minister downwards, have declared that our quarrel is not with the German people, but with Hitler and the gang of blackguards who surround him.

We have affected to believe that the German nation has fallen innocently into the hands of these criminals.

If it could only free itself from their tyranny, we argued, the whole of the dreadful episode through which we are living could be liquidated, and all could be as if that episode had not happened.

It was the idea that Hitlerism did not represent Germany and that if we could deliver her from her thraldom all would be well that inspired the fatal policy of "appeasement" which was so nearly our undoing.

It was the same idea which led us in the early months of the war to scatter millions of leaflets over Germany in the hope that the people would rise against their tyrants and make an honourable peace between our nations possible.

This phase has passed. It was always, I fear, a case of "wishful thinking," and it could not survive the infamous crime of the night of April 8.

Even Mr. Chamberlain has admitted that "the German people cannot escape their responsibilities" for the crime of Hitlerism.

His Minister of Information has bluntly declared that "the British people are fighting the German people, and do not let there be any mistake about it. . . . Germany would be ruthless to England."

AND so far as the feeling of the nation is concerned, it was truly and passionately expressed by Mr. Duff Cooper on St. George's Day, when he said:—

> **"These series of crimes which have made a horror of Europe—these are not the crimes of one man, nor are they the crimes of a small band of criminals.**
>
> **"These are the crimes of a whole people and a whole nation."**

It is time that we faced this fact squarely, for at any moment we may be confronted with a situation in which the problem will not be Hitler but Germany.

If, as is quite conceivable, Hitler has made a first-class blunder in Norway, his days are numbered.

He will go like a bad dream.

But whether Norway proves to be his Moscow or not, whether he is brought down now or later, the nightmare of Germany will still remain.

What are we to do about that recurrent terror?

FIVE TIMES WITHIN THE LAST SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS EUROPE HAS BEEN PLUNGED IN WAR BY GERMAN AGGRESSION

First Denmark was looted, then Austria was trampled down, next France was ravaged, then came the first World War, and now once more Germany has set all Europe in flames.

With every increase of her power she has become less European, less human, more barbarous.

Goethe's saying that "the Germans are born brutal and civilisation will make them ferocious" has been terribly fulfilled.

Their country has become the lair of a predatory beast, and at each successive phase a more depraved and bestial abyss is sounded.

All the things that should link nations together have been used to breed hate and propagate lies.

All that should promote understanding and good feeling between nations—books and art and spoken words—has been perverted to sow the seeds of doubt and disintegration in her neighbours' minds.

IT is idle to say that this is the evil influence of one criminal or one gang of criminals. **TREACHERY, CUNNING, LYING, RUTHLESS CRUELTY WERE THE CHARACTERISTICS OF GERMAN POLICY UNDER FREDERICK THE GREAT, UNDER BISMARCK, UNDER THE EX-KAISER, AS THEY ARE UNDER HITLER.**

The doctrine that Might is Right was not invented by Hitler. It has been the gospel of Germany for centuries.

The ambition to make the German race the masters of the world did not begin with Hitler. It has been the creed of German intellectuals from Fichte to Treitschke.

Hatred of the Christian philosophy, hatred of liberalism, hatred of this country, did not originate with Hitler. They have been preached in Germany with growing venom for nearly a century.

Hitlerism, in a word, is not an aberration. It is not a madness into which the nation has been led by the hypnotic power of an unrivalled mob orator. It is the culmination of all the forces that have been at work in Germany for generations.

If Hitler and his fellow-gangsters disappeared to-morrow, the German peril would still remain.

"The brutal German lust of battle," of which Heine spoke, would break out again under some other frenzied leader.

And the problem of the Allies when the war is over is to make that impossible.

If this aim is not achieved, the war, whatever the result, will have been fought in vain.

Sir John Reith, Minister of Information, has no delusions about it

If it is to be achieved our peace aims must be stern, just, and inspired by the single motive of establishing a new order in Europe that will eliminate the causes of war and effectively outlaw its practice.

Even those of us who must hate the argument of war and fight this war to destroy that argument for ever will agree that the preliminary to any secure peace must be a military decision so unequivocal as to leave no doubt in the mind of Germany hereafter.

There must be no room left for the revival in a future generation of the lie which prevails in Germany to-day that she was not defeated in the field in 1918, but stabbed in the back at home.

This is the more urgent in view of the dreadful generation of Hitler youth that has come into being to bedevil the future of Germany and Europe.

The preliminary peace should be secured with such stern guarantees as will leave its impress bitten into the mind of Germany for all time.

This preliminary peace would, of course, provide for an effective occupation of Germany for a stated period and for the immediate restoration of the devastated territories.

But the larger problems of the peace should be deferred until the air is cleared and tempers cooled.

In the interval the regimented frenzy of the German people would have lapsed into sanity and a government representing the better mind of Germany which had emerged from the concentration camps or returned from exile would be in power under the safeguards provided by the Allies.

Then the vast task of reconstructing Europe could be taken in hand in an atmosphere more favourable to a successful issue than that which prevailed at Versailles in 1919.

FRANCE and Britain, with their Allies, would enter such a conference with a complete understanding as to the new order which they were resolved to create in Europe, and with none of those cross-purposes which played such havoc at Versailles.

France, we may be sure, will be inflexible in her insistence on measures which will prevent the beast latent in the German character ever getting loose again.

France will be right, and we shall be no less inflexible.

But, subject to this, there will be the supreme task of reconciling this shattered world.

We shall have gone through these years of horror in vain if we do not rebuild for our children a Europe for ever secure against the recurrence of that horror

The Human Machine

Ease is Simple

ALWAYS avoid hard work!

But before you jump to conclusions, remember not to confuse "hard work" with "working hard."

Hard work is work that has not been properly planned.

It is work that is done with insufficient care and attention and concentration: work that is done with a divided mind, and with a feeling of resentment against having to do it.

Lots of people imagine that sitting down to think out how you are going to do a job is a waste of time. They think that time spent in such planning might be better spent in getting on with the task.

THEY'RE hopelessly wrong.

The real wastage of time and effort and everything else comes when work has to be done over again.

If you want to convince yourself that hard work and working hard are not the same thing, watch a skilled gardener digging. Then watch the same job being done by a novice. They both work hard, but the novice will be finding it hard work.

He tries to do it in a hurry; he tries to do too much at once; and he just digs instead of working to a well-thought-out plan.

YOU'LL find the same applies to any expert and any novice doing any job you care to name.

There is a right way and a wrong way of doing every job. No matter how hard you work, you won't find the work hard if you spend a little preliminary time in learning the best way to do your particular job.

Two essentials for making any job easy are knowledge and a genuine willingness to work: and that includes willingness to learn.

Given these, you can tackle any job you're likely to be given without any fear of "over-working" yourself!

The tramp of Nazi battalions marching into Scandinavia has quickened the pace in

OUR OTHER ARSENAL

AMERICAN sources state that three thousand of the seven thousand aircraft ordered in the United States by the Allies have already been delivered.

And Air Ministry communiqués have paid an unconscious tribute to the efficiency of the Allied Purchasing Commission, now working at top speed in its office on the eleventh floor of a Broadway skyscraper, by revealing that American-made aircraft were employed in the raids on Nazis in Norway.

More and more clearly we have been shown how vital has been the part played by the Fleet Air Arm and the R.A.F. in our counter-attacks on Norway's invaders.

The British expeditionary force there largely depends for its success on the speed with which we can obtain air bases from which to oppose the Nazis' infiltration.

Bombers are not enough. We must have fighter 'planes in Norway to defeat Goering's bombers.

The Commission's work has been increased tremendously by Hitler's latest act of aggression. Neutral in theory, the Americans have reacted by offering Allied buyers their best fighting aircraft.

At last after seven months' striving, the Commission has been given the opportunity of buying 440-m.p.h. fighters and the fastest-in-the-world bombers.

It is impossible to publish details of this great armament deal between the belligerent nations and a neutral without disclosing information to the enemy, but Americans speak of deals in the hundreds of millions of pounds.

American authorities estimate that **8,000 aircraft will have been despatched to Britain, France and Canada by the end of the year.**

This has been made possible by the enormous fillip given by the Allies to American aircraft production.

It has been increased three times in a year.

Now a production of 17,000 machines a year is being talked about in American aviation circles.

Among Britain's earliest purchases were hundreds of Lockheed's Hudson long-range reconnaissance bombers.

ONE of these craft showed its mettle during the first week of the Norwegian operations by shooting down a Dornier flying boat in 35 seconds.

Since President Roosevelt said that "only three or four devices were remotely secret, anyway," it is now assumed in the U.S. that among the Secret List fighters which Britain is interested in is the Bell-Airacobra, which has a speed of 440 m.p.h.

The Airacobra is revolutionary in design. Sitting in front of the engine, the pilot has a wider than normal range of vision.

Nicknamed the "Flying Cannon," the aircraft is built around a one-and-a-half-inch calibre quick-firing cannon, firing through the spinner, or "boss," of the propeller, and able to bring down a big bomber with one direct hit.

Four machine-guns fire through the sides of the nose.

The Airacobra can fight at a height of over seven miles.

The twin-engined Douglas attack-bomber, touching nearly 400 m.p.h., and the fastest of its kind in the world, is another American machine which many experts would regard as a "good buy."

Many of the machines now being delivered are flown to a New York airfield, dismantled, packed and shipped direct to Britain and France. Not e shipment has fallen a victim to a N U-boat.

Others go to airfields on the Americ side of the most peaceful frontier in t world—3,000 miles without a gun and are "pushed and pulled" across Canadian airfields.

Canada is the G.H.Q. of the W Supply Board.

It is for the officials stationed th that the Broadway Commission is acti as buyer in the United States. representatives, including R.A.F., Na Ministry of Supply and Treasury perts, are responsible to Whitehall.

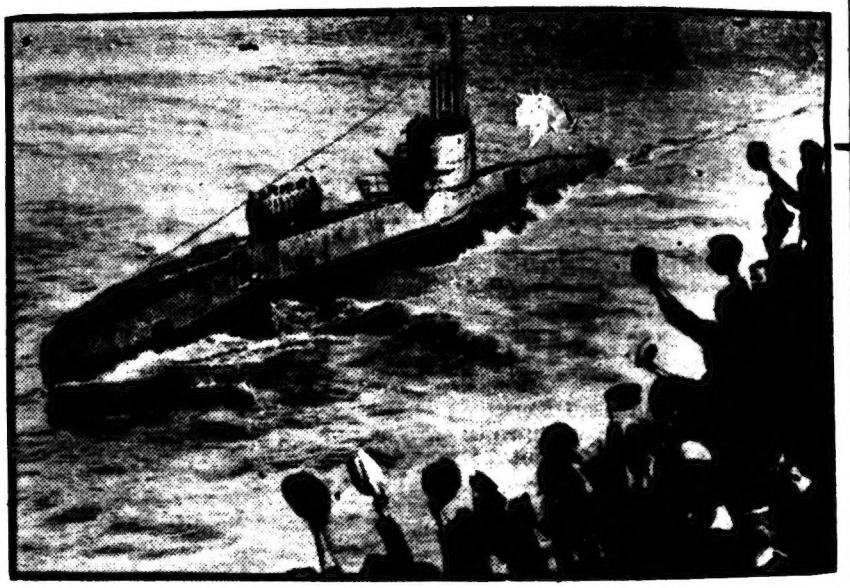
In turning Canada into a vast flyi school for British pilots, with instructo from this country, eighty aerodrom and schools have already been co mandeered.

MORE than four thousand airer will be needed for training, a more than a thousand of these are bei built in Canada with engines import from Britain or the United States.

When the training programme is its peak, the Dominion's aircraft i dustry will be capable of overhauli 3,000 to 4,000 engines a year.

Canada's superb war effort includ the Inglis factory at Toronto, n delivering increasing numbers of Br guns for the B.E.F., three months ahe of schedule.

Shipping orders include whole flee of "whale-catcher" anti-submarin speed boats and minesweepers.



Submarine 'Snapper' returns to her depot ship after a successful "tour" of Norwegian waters, where, with two other British underwater craft, she helped in sinking more than 40,000 tons of Nazi shipping.

Submarines are Off the Leash

COMMANDER H. PURSEY, R.N.

"John Bull's" naval correspondent introduces the heroes of Britain's courageous undersea force

THIS is the saga of the British submarine service, written only in the last few weeks, yet already a glorious chapter in British naval history. For eight months slim grey British underwater ships have been slipping in and out of enemy waters, running incredible risks in the hope of being able to answer those critics at home who were complaining so bitterly that British submarines seemed to be doing little compared with the activities of Nazi U-boats.

So it was only fitting that the submarines should start the war in Scandinavian waters.

Returning from their operations in Norwegian waters, the three submarines, *Sea Lion*, 670 tons, *Snapper*, 960 tons, and *Sunfish*, 960 tons, revealed that they had sunk nearly 40,000 tons of German shipping, a triumphant beginning that was an adequate reward for the long-postponed opportunity of getting to grips with the enemy.

*

While Nazi undersea pirates were making their dastardly attacks on merchant ships, Britain's submarines were patrolling Hitler's front garden, looking for a German fleet that skulked according to tradition.

It is not difficult to imagine the grim relish with which the submarine service went into action in Norwegian waters when you realise that these craft had spent one of the worst winters in living memory "bucketing" about in heavy seas on patrol

Routine patrols are monotonous work for men eager to release their "tin fish," yet seeing nothing through their periscopes but the rolling waters of the North Sea, enduring heavy weather and confined quarters negotiating traps and mines, hoping for the chance to emulate *Salmon* when she sank a large U-boat and torpedoed two Nazi cruisers.

*

After such drab days imagine the thrill that ran through the men of *Spearfish*, 670 tons, when Lieutenant Pirie, on periscope watch, took another look at the rolling waters above the submarine, and said: "There's a battleship on the starboard bow."

Lieut.-Commander J. H. Forbes, making his first trip in command, had a look.

At first he thought it was only a destroyer. Then he said: "By jove, you're right. It's a bloomin' pocket battleship."

Nazis claim that the *Admiral Scheer* managed to get back to port, but men of *Spearfish* said she took on a nasty list after they had released two of their torpedoes at her. Both found a mark, made it doubtful whether the pocket battleship will be much good for a long time—even if she did make port.

But the submarine men have said nothing about their daring in manœuvring into an attacking position before those torpedoes were released. That's why they call the Navy the Silent Service.

Little *Sea Lion* opened the war in Scandinavian waters. She had a reputation for efficiency.

In her wardroom hangs a silver plaque, evidence of her work in open competition with sister ships in the Mediterranean last summer.

Having nudged her way through untold dangers, glad at last of the chance of invading the Skagerrak and Kattegat, she sighted the 3,000-ton troopship *August Leonhardt*, carrying men and munitions to Norway.

Two torpedoes were fired, and the transport's bows reared in the air. A minute later, Nazi troops were scrambling on the hull, not at all eager to make the inevitable leap into the cold water.

More fortunate was *Triton*, of 1,100 tons, when she sighted a Nazi convoy, loaded to the gunwales with troops and equipment.

Dodging the escort of destroyers and motor torpedo boats, the audacious little craft slipped in among the "chickens" and loosed a "tin fish."

Down went a troopship, holed amidships.

A second torpedo hit another troopship. Two more torpedoes were released and the convoy began to disperse, terrified by this spitfire in their midst.

The destroyers raced into action, and *Triton* went down, content to lay low.

Depth-charged while lying on the floor of the sea, the crew went on playing cards, and after a few hours they casually made preparations to surface.

*

By nightfall the sound of exploding depth charges had decreased. The destroyers had moved away. So *Triton* came up for fresh air and to charge her batteries.

Radio news from Stockholm told the crew that R.A.F. bombers had dispersed the rest of the convoy.

Also of 1,100 tons, *Truant* wormed her way through a Nazi minefield in difficult weather to accomplish the hazardous task of slipping in among Nazi fleet units to launch a torpedo at the 6,000-ton cruiser *Karlsruhe*, with a crew of six hundred. She sank without trace.

Truant's crew had already accounted for the iron-ore ship the *Hugo Edmund Stinnes IV* last month.

Credited with a bag of four transports and a store carrier, submarine *Snapper* took an incredible risk after sinking a Nazi tanker by coming to the surface to take aboard four survivors. She wanted to bring them home as proof of her exploit.

*

No epic of Allied submarines can be complete without mentioning the Polish vessel *Orzel*, which not only made a nightmare voyage out of the Baltic, hunted day and night by German warships at the beginning of the war, but also added to her renown in the Norwegian campaign by claiming the Nazi troopship *Rio de Janeiro*, three supply ships and a destroyer.

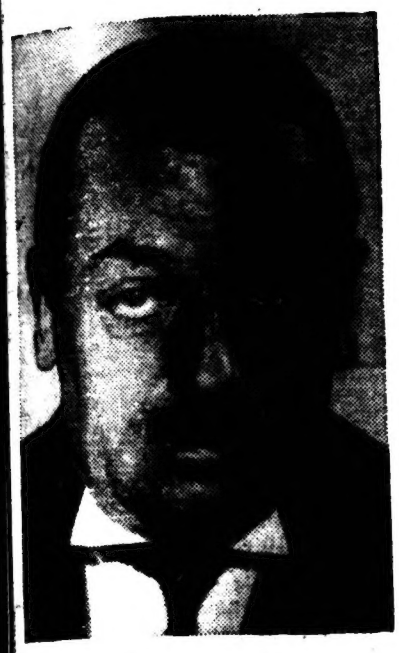
And British submarines continue to patrol Hitler's doorstep, waiting for any Nazi warship that dares to venture out, determined to add to this stirring chapter.

The men of this Service have still to revenge the four British underwater craft lost through enemy action in the last eight months.

It doesn't matter to them that the Nazis have lost more than sixty U-boats. They are relentless.

OPEN LETTERS

Brickbats for Mr. Ernest Brown : Praise for a B.E.F. Brass Hat : Condemnation for the Railways : Congratulations for Bench : and Contempt for a Tub-Thumper's Slander



Rt. Hon. Ernest Brown, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—**Craziest political** news for **many moons is that a** few M.P.s **would like you to be** next Prime Minister. **How little** they can know **of public feeling!**

The measure of your failure is that after eight months of war more than a million of our people are still unemployed.

They are not a lazy and unskilled mob. They seek, with ever-increasing **hopelessness, a** chance **to lessen their families'** hardships **and increase the** nation's **drive to victory.**

That chance **is denied them by** a footling **policy for which you** must take **responsibility.**

Hundreds **of thousands of** them should **be in the first line** of our **industrial front** — engineers, **builders, miners, tech**nicians of **all kinds.**

There are many more whose business was ruined by war and are now **eager to learn new trades.**

For them you introduced a great training scheme that, excellent **in principle, seems unreasonably slow in practice.**

I am **saddened by letters from** men who, **hastening to apply** directly **the scheme was** announced, **have heard nothing** since

I am **appalled by the wastage of professional men and women who, though enrolled on your** Central **Register, are cold-shouldered in favour of pin-money amateurs.**

Unemployment figures have been reduced, but by now they should have been brought down to vanishing-point.

We **cannot win this war unless** the **efforts of every worker are** applied. **By failing to harness** their efforts, **you prove yourself** a failure.

You **pride yourself on holding** your office **longer than any other** man. **I think it has been far too** long.—JOHN BULL.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Venning,
Quartermaster-General

DEAR GENERAL,—The more I hear of our Army in Norway, the more impressed I am by the completeness of its organisation.

Indeed, it must be the most marvellously equipped expeditionary force in all history, despite the short time in which it was formed. And still great quantities of stores are being shipped across the North Sea.

Although a good deal of credit for this feat belongs to the Ministry of Supply, most must be given to your Department.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Leon MacLaren,
London

DEAR SIR,—You'll be interested to hear that the Country Gentlemen's Association asks our sympathy because landowners have been hit by war!

Yet speculators are buying land to hold against a rise in land values, thus hampering production.

As you point out, we are still paying nearly half our normal Budget in interest on wars started by Charles I. Absurd that we are not helping to pay for this one by taxing land sharks!—JOHN BULL.

The Magistrates,
Blyth

YOUR WORSHIPS,—Congratulations on paying, from the poor-box, the 5s. fine you imposed on a soldier who stole Army blankets. His commanding officer supported his grievance that his wife had received no allowance until after Christmas, and then it was only 10s. 6d. a week.

Friends of another soldier who shot himself declare that he had drawn only a part of his pay and his wife had been kept without a penny, despite protests to the Army paymasters.

Despite your gesture, I fear that many more soldiers' families will continue to suffer privation before rising public indignation compels the blunderers to make amends.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir Samuel Hoare,
Secretary of State for Air

DEAR SIR,—Leading Aircraftman A. Roberts was killed on active service, and his father has just received notice that **£6 18s.** has been deducted from his back pay to help in meeting funeral expenses!

These expenses amounted to £14 18s.: The Air Ministry grant towards them is only £8.

The least the State can do for a man who gives his life is to bury him.

To fail in that respect is shameful ingratitude.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. Elsie M. Steele,
Elm Park Avenue, London, N.

MADAM,—British regard for free speech does not give you licence to slander Mr. Churchill as a "rotten murderer" and to declare that the Prime Minister declared war at the dictation of "Jewish masters."

Such infamous twaddle can arouse ugly passions in war time, and I hope that other tub-thumpers of your type will not be let off with a £5 fine, but put behind prison bars.—JOHN BULL.

The Education Committee,
Rochester

GENTLEMEN,—Schools will be open all summer in London. Yet they have been shut since the summer holidays last year in Rochester.

Lack of air raid shelters is the excuse.

If the town's youngsters are not to be robbed of their chances in life, you'd better get busy—or get out—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Euan Wallace, M.P.,
Minister of Transport

DEAR SIR,—Why are the rail companies allowed to be the privileged class of this war?

Not only are their profits guaranteed, but also road transport is being crippled to provide them with pickings they could not obtain if reasonable competition still flourished.

You tell road contractors, carrying goods of vital importance to the nation, that the traffic must go to the rail companies—who cannot handle it.

You allow those companies to operate obsolete road vehicles consuming far more fuel than the more modern lorries owned by private firms.

That is monstrous.

The railways must be maintained, certainly.

They should not be pampered at the expense of another industry.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Oliver Stanley, M.P.,
Minister for War

DEAR SIR,—Soldiers at a camp on the Scots border, three miles from a town, bought themselves a radio set.

Now their commanding officer has forbidden them to use it in barrack rooms.

Was he a jail governor in civil life?—JOHN BULL.

Sir Walter Womersley, M.P.,
Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—When a soldier, who had been passed as fit for active service, contracts a disease and dies, a pension should obviously be granted to his family.

Since you "understand the general feeling" on this matter, you should bring in legislation to allow unsuccessful families to appeal to the Independent Pensions Appeal Tribunal.

What deters you?—JOHN BULL.

Petrol Controller,
Ministry of Mines

DEAR SIR,—The nation's trade is hampered by delay in your divisional offices.

Commercial travellers, asked to return their registration books for office purposes, are left weeks without petrol coupons. Meanwhile, their business is at a standstill

You don't want to add to the unemployment figures, do you?—JOHN BULL.

Imaginary Interview in the Black-out Bus

"Q.M." TAKES IT ON THE CHIN

SORRY, but fourpence it is. I know what stage you hopped on at, see? There's no scrounging free rides on this old 'bus, not even if you do happen to be a Quartermaster-sergeant. . . .

What did you say, "*Turn it up, pal, I'm no scrounger.*"

No offence meant, Quarter. I never really thought you was, but you know the old song—"There's rats—rats as big as bloomin' cats—in the Quartermaster's stores?" . . . Well, from what I hear the rats down in some of the new camps must be almost as big as tigers these days. . . .

You say it ain't scrounging that's going on, but just plain waste? . . . You're telling me! I went all through the last show, Quarter, and I remember a printed notice posted up all over Flanders warning the troops that sooner or later they'd have to pay for all the waste that was going on! . . .

Laugh? We nearly died of laughing over that one. We happened to be on hard tack at the time, and we had no perishing chance to waste anything but bad language. . . .

* * *

Back of the line there was fine cheeses and bags of flour and sides of bacon dumped here and there by the side of the road and left to rot and the stuff what got lost in transit, as you might say, was something shocking. . . .

That was in the last war, Quarter, and at the front. What makes me wild is that with all these new taxes the same kind of waste is going on 'ere at home now with no excuse at all. . . .

I've got boys—a son and some nephews—who have been called up and you'd scarcely believe the tales they tell. . . . What's that: "You could believe almost anything about waste because you've seen so much and don't know how to stop it"? . . .

Thousands of sandbags unused; tentage left to rot; lorries cutting valuable cables all to bits; ribs of beef, loaves of bread, eggs, buckets of soup and porridge—all chucked on to refuse heaps. . . That's wot's been 'appening all over the place. . . .

And ain't it true, Quarter, that often the troops get a sight more'n they can eat and that sometimes it's so badly cooked they can't scarcely swallow it? . . . *It is, but on the whole you don't think the cooking's too bad.* . . . Well, I'm glad to hear it, but this time I ain't in uniform and I've got to help pay for all this waste. See what I mean?

* * *

No; you're wrong, Quarter. I'm not getting all hot and bothered over trifles. I don't grudge the boys who're in uniform anything they need. I don't blame them for being a bit careless when there's lashings of everything. . . .

It's the Brass Hats and the Big-Wigs who get my goat. They know that the Services must come first while there's a war on and it's just because they can 'ave wotever they like that they ought to be extra careful to cut out waste.

Why don't they put on a few special orficers to look out for waste and stop it? Cripes! When you think of some of the over-fifties who can't get back into the Army no matter how they try, it didn't ought to be difficult to find the right man!

And I believe they'd save their salaries hundreds of times over.

As for you, me old china, I don't doubt you're doing your bit. . . . You can't stop the big rats. I know, but I'll bet you and blokes like you could trap a lot of little ones; so go to it and good luck to you!

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

GRAVE NEW A.R.P. SCANDAL

MR. E. WOLFE is a war casualty, if ever there was one.

No victim of shot and shell, he was seriously hurt during a Chelsea A.R.P. practice.

He was in a stretcher car that was involved in a collision with an omnibus. The other three men in the car and the voluntary woman driver were only slightly hurt and soon returned to duty.

But Mr Wolfe lay in hospital for six weeks.

His injuries were many. His teeth were smashed, his face permanently disfigured, and he still suffers physical disablement. He can no longer earn a living as an artist.

This is no Reward

And the patriotism that inspired his enthusiasm for A.R.P. work has received only disenchantment. He has been dismissed the Service, denied compensation, and neither Whitehall nor the Chelsea Borough Council will even pay for the dentures made to replace his broken teeth.

That is no way to reward service willingly and bravely done.

I feel that I have chosen an unusual instance to use as a weapon in berating the authorities for their shameful treatment of those A.R.P. volunteers injured in the course of their duties to the nation. I can so overwhelm you with facts and figures, collected by my investigators, that you will feel equally aggrieved with authority.

Even the others involved with Mr. Wolfe in the road crash were treated scurvily, although they did not actually lose their A.R.P. jobs.

Two of them had to have new dentures. They were told that the Borough Council would pay all dentists' bills, but now the council, acting on instructions from the Ministry of Home Security, repudiates all liability.

It is the same with the £26 doctor's bill now burning a hole in the pockets of one of these men.

Is he expected to pay for treatment for injuries received when on duty out of his £3 a week A.R.P. money?

Is the soldier, injured during gunnery practice, to pay the Army doctor out of his allowance? Maybe there is a difference to the official mind.

Now what about Miss Winifred Wilson, an A.R.P. warden at St. Pancras, permanently disabled when her leg was fractured during a spell of duty?

Employed by a private concern, she would have been entitled to substantial damages. As a patriot, working for the State, she loses her rights as an ordinary citizen under the Personal Injuries Emergency Powers Act and receives a disablement pension of 16s. a week.

Poor Compensation

She must now apply for extra help from the Public Assistance Committee. A fine reward, eh!

Even Miss Angela Watson, shocked and hurt when an incendiary bomb exploded during a lecture for Kensington air raid wardens, received no compensation and had to pay her own hospital expenses.

Anyway, compensation granted to injured A.R.P. workers is inadequate.

Eighteen shillings a week for a man; sixteen shillings for a woman during total disablement.

You can imagine the troubles besetting the injured man with a family.

There is no need for me to emphasise that Whitehall should do something about such instances of hardship. Heroes of the Home Front must not be forgotten. The bloom on their patriotism must not be allowed to tarnish.

* * *

SOMEWHERE in the West Country there is a bank clerk, a mild sort of man probably and a good neighbour. Yet his thoughtlessness helped to start a girl of fifteen on a life of crime.

Maybe I'm doing him an injustice. Bank regulations allowed him to sell the girl a cheque book.

She posed as a doctor's daughter and got away with a cheque book after telling other lies.

Then she forged cheques, obtained goods by false pretences, ran up hotel bills and settled down to living on her wits.

And when eventually she faced the magistrates at Bath you can well understand Alderman C. H. Long expressing surprise at the ease with which she obtained that cheque book.

It's obvious that banks could do a lot to help in preventing crime by tightening regulations, especially in smaller branches.

"Colonel Neville," too, might have found a life of crime less easy had such loopholes been a little smaller.

"Easy-Money" Men

AMONG the many "easy-money" crooks who have blossomed out tremendously since the war began, "Colonel Neville," a man well versed in the gentle arts of chicanery, on one occasion walked into a bank in the West Country with the air of a county grandee, demanded a cheque book, after explaining that his money was being transferred from another branch in Somerset, and received all he needed to betray the trust of local tradesmen.

Not even a telephone call was made to enquire into the truth of his story.

Nice work, if you can get it, Colonel!

More audacious was the BIG BUSINESS executive who told tall stories about his work in this country for Australian aircraft construction contracts, and walked out of a bank in the West End with a cheque book after opening an account without even producing a brass farthing.

* * *

BANK clerks are not the only people deceived by fair tales. Let me tell you about the many innocents still blundering sheep-like into the silver-plated snares laid by those seeking money for jobs that often don't even exist.

Only this week I heard some more about the activities of "F. V. Rank," a man with a multitude of assumed names, who has been advertising for managers for non-existent shops.

He's never in the same place long.

His Point of View

Advertising under a Box number in national newspapers, he met applicants at fashionable hotels, convinced plenty of men with money to invest that he was offering something good. And he was—if you look at it from his point of view.

Trouble is that the people who fall for such dangerous men don't appreciate the other point of view. They write to me when it is too late, heavy with bitterness.

And I receive no satisfaction from sorrowfully telling them that it would have been better had they appealed to me before entering the spider's web.

* * *

I HAVE just been reading documents in which a reader unfolds the terrible tale of how he lost £5,000 to a financier who pretended to know so many ways of making money that he only needed to be in charge of a Mint to complete his repertoire.

Nothing under the sun would come amiss when he was in the mood for making money.

There was a special oil that would become the most important commodity in every British household, big deals in salvage plants for waste materials, ideas for new beauty preparations, contracts with shipbuilders, gadgets for aircraft.

WING-COMMANDER E. J. HODSAL
Inspector-General of A.R.P.

The financier's ingenious suggestion **would supply a** scientifically minde **novelist with enough** ideas to last him **lifetime. And the** only thing he didn **mention to his victim** was the friend **ship with two notorious** financiers.

But I could have told him.

In my library there are two dossie packed with information about thes men and their pretty schemes.

I could have revealed that anothe **man with whom they were planning t utilise everything under the sun** wen **bankrupt for nearly £100,000.**

But what's the use of my being abl to give this information when th damage is done?

Distasteful Business

MISTER F. LEON, of Harrow, Middlesex, should be included in my warning now that he is advertising in a publication devoted to "bargains" for a partner to share the profits of a proposed matrimonial agency.

Because he believes that most existing agencies are mismanaged and are too lenient over fees, he thinks he can do a "big business in matrimony and friendships," charging £50 for introductions.

Although he claims to have had plenty of experience "in this line," he crudely suggests, "there are thousands of people in this world who desire to make friendships and have a strange complex and always need introductions. We should cater for this people and charge fees according to their position."

There couldn't be a more distasteful way of introducing a most distasteful business.

* * *

WHEN I realise that such crooks as a trickster posing in such names as Rogers, Wallace and Spencer, continue to fool some of the people most by offering partnerships or jobs in firms that often don't exist, I derive great satisfaction in seeing crooks who have been condemned in these columns going to jail.

I was pleased, for instance, to hear that Joseph Elmore, an accountant, well known in Croydon, London, was sentenced at Dover last week to ten months' imprisonment.

His career started brilliantly, but fizzled when he became involved with many shady ramps and started associating with members of the notorious Stanley Tanfield Financial Group.

In view of such victories as this, I can only hope that you write to me before you part with money.

It's so costly to be too trusting!

Greatest of These

A SOLDIER'S allowance doesn't go far when it has to contend with illness And it is small wonder that Mrs. Annie Jones, of Gilfach Goch, Glamorganshire, is prostrate with worry.

Her eight children, all under twelve, are ill either with influenza or measles, and she is unable to buy the extra nourishing food needed to restore their strength.

Yet without it they have little chance of growing up in normal good health.

Surely she deserves your help. She is as brave as any man in the fighting Services.

Donations should be earmarked "Eight" and addressed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We gratefully acknowledge anonymous donations received during the last three weeks.

Daughter of a soldier, she must not suffer

The Nazi melting pot has even engulfed the great bronze doors of Hitler's £40,000,000 Chancellery. But with typical cunning these craftsmen made wooden doors to take their place. Berlin still thinks those massive portals are closed by bronze!

SECRETS FROM INSIDE GERMANY

EXPLODING SOAP : GESTAPO-RIDDEN FACTORIES : 200,000 BUSINESSES CRUSHED : RATIONED BEER : ZINC COINS

Continuing to draw exclusive information of life inside Germany from neutral and secret sources, "John Bull" reveals that among the difficulties now making the life of the Berlin housewife more trying is a soap substitute that frequently explodes when left in water.

LAST week the Police-President of Berlin issued a national warning about the dangers of using SAWA, a soap substitute on sale at most shops, because it was liable "to explode and cause serious injury to the eyes."

But that is only one of the difficulties of life in the Third Reich.

The people are told to be of good heart. They are asked to "whistle in the dark" by Dr. Goebbels' propaganda hounds, and they are encouraged by being told that Britain is a nation of the Sleepless.

The Propaganda Minister's pet newspaper *Angriff* last week announced that:

"All British newspapers are now filled with advertisements for sleeping draughts. Since the war these advertisements have multiplied enormously. But the security of German *Wehrmacht* (war strength) makes German people independent of sleeping draughts. Because of Churchill and Chamberlain, who started this war, the British cannot sleep."

This is an obvious farrago of nonsense, incredible in a country which in pre-war days held a world monopoly in the invention and sale of sedatives and drugs that belong to Britain's Dangerous Drugs List.

The national sale of such drugs in Germany has reached record heights, and since the beginning of the war there have been no restrictions on sales.

Probably that accounts for eight hundred inquests in Bavaria in one month on persons who had died through taking an overdose of sleeping draughts.

While they are given narcotics, the Germans are robbed of every available ounce of metal.

A FORTNIGHT ago Field-Marshal Goering issued in the *Reichsgesetzblatt*, the equivalent of the London Gazette, an Order stating that "the collection of metals, scrap and otherwise, is a work for the entire German nation in this war. Any profiteering or any re-selling of such material except to the State shall be *punishable by death*."

This Order is meant to apply to Nazi Party collectors as well as to private traders, an admission of how far the Party trusts its own members.

Reich barbers have handed in all their cherished brass plates, to be seen outside most barbers' shops, and even the great bronze doors of Hitler's new £40,000,000 Chancellery in Berlin have gone into the melting pot, and been replaced by wooden gates.

Five and ten pfennig pieces (ha'pennies and pennies) are called in and are to be replaced by zinc coins.

All gold and silver in Savings Banks, whether in bullion or plate, must be handed to the State, which will supply paper currency to its value.

Berlin petrol ration for taxi-cabs is 45 gallons a month. Yet with the London ration of 20 gallons (three gallons a day) many drivers have been driven out of business.

All batteries from laid-up cars have been confiscated for the "war effort," and fines have been doubled for "unnecessary use of private cars."

No radio valve can be sold unless the "dead" valve is handed over because a "valve contains valuable raw materials."

RESTAURANT-OWNERS must save all corks. No new bottles are supplied unless corks are handed over.

Among the significant developments in labour has been the arrival of 30,000 Italian land workers from the Modena and Bologna districts of Italy.

The Gestapo has invaded factories to watch against sabotage.

Himmler has announced the formation of a new labour police, the "Political Assault Troops," to work in factories, and picked members of the Hitler Youth have been "co-opted" to spy on their elders.

The almost complete destruction of the German middle classes has followed the disappearance of more than 200,000 independent businesses in Germany, and the "economic experiments" of Nazis have created a steadily growing opposition among German industrialists.

As a warning against too much plain speaking, Himmler announced a few days ago yet another branch of the Gestapo—the "S.S. Supervision Troops for Special Tasks."

Most of these men will be minor executives in business houses.

The jug of supper beer favoured by the German working-man has been stopped. Even supplies of the 2 per cent. "near beer" are so short that most beer-houses only open at night, and use ½-litre instead of ½-litre (just over ½ pint) glasses.

All evacuee children from the west must now be billeted on homes in East Prussia "at the householder's expense."

Hitler has decreed that "whatever happens" no German children must go to neighbouring territories as refugees.

NORWEGIANS took thousands of refugee children from Austria and Germany in the last war.

Those children now form the major part of the army that has invaded the country which gave them sanctuary and happiness, fed and clothed them.

Perhaps the calm but terrible accusations of the Norwegian Government to that effect have sunk home even to Hitler.

Tax-Dodgers

"John Bull" is not satisfied with official efforts to defeat tax-wanglers and in this article exposes the newest evasion schemes

SIR JOHN SIMON was most evasive on the subject of tax evasion in his Budget Speech.

He said tnat the provisions dealing with tax-dodgers in the Finance Acts of recent years had, "on the whole, had some real effect." Just that—and nothing more.

Mentioning methods of evasion adopted by the very rich, he admitted that nothing had been done about estate duty "wangles" for ten years. He promised vaguely to make some changes.

There was a suggestion of satisfaction in what he said that is not shared by JOHN BULL.

There are still far too many legal (and slightly illegal) loopholes for those who can afford skilled advice.

A new "get out" is discovered as soon as an amendment to the Finance Act closes an old "escape."

Manufacturers of consumer-goods still make large gifts of such goods "by way of loan" to employees and persons with an interest in the company.

These commodities are sent "on loan" to the recipients, who can convert them into cash if they like. The company does not, of course, want them back.

Yet the State loses the income tax that a recipient would have to pay if he had received his payment or commission in cash, and excess profit tax, because giving goods away reduces profits.

As soon as the Chancellor resumes his seat after his Budget Speech, the battle of wits between "evasion experts" and Revenue officials starts all over again.

Thousands of persons will pay a £10 fee to save £20 in income tax, happy in the belief that this is "good business."

"Big fish" still slip through the tax net with ease.

There is surtax dodging by means of the so-called "accumulator trust."

The rich man, handing over large income investments to such a trust, directs that the trustees accumulate the income until his heir reaches twenty-five, or marries.

No surtax is paid on this income, either when it is accumulating or when it is handed over, because legally it is then a capital payment.

There are many ways of avoiding death duties.

A rich man gives his fortune to his heir not less than three years before he dies, and lives on an allowance from the recipient. When he dies, no death duties are paid.

Sometimes a rich man forms a family company, handing over all his investments to the company.

While he holds a controlling share, say, 49 per cent. in the company, the rest is held by his wife and children.

In this way he receives half the income on the property for life, and pays death duties only on the share he holds. Also he avoids paying a large proportion of surtax.

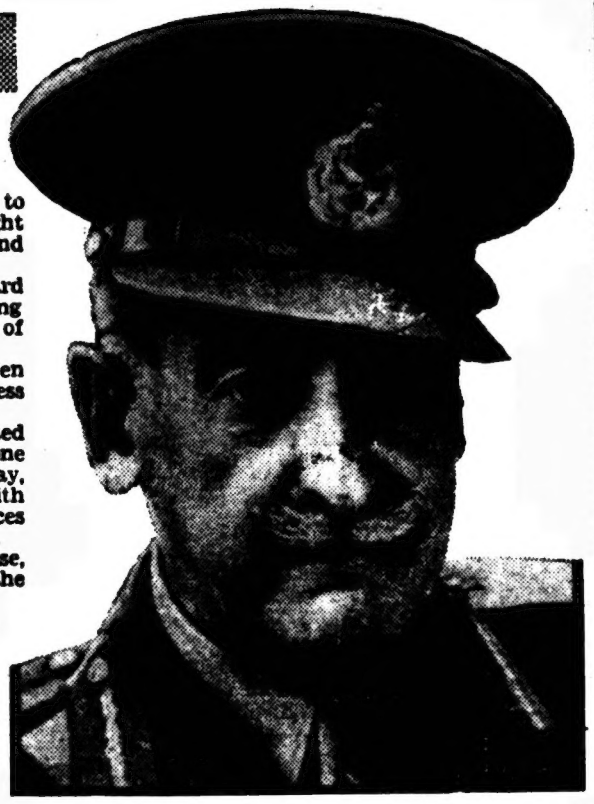
A properly drafted Finance Act, imposing "gift taxes" and stopping family company "wangles," would put an end to evasions now robbing the State of millions a year.

Taxpayers are not now compelled to submit details of their evasion devices to Inland Revenue officials.

They take legal advice about the soundness of the device, then deduct the amount of income affected from the amount they return. Officials have no means of knowing what is going on.

But the taxpayer must be compelled to reveal all trusts, settlements and other disposals of income. Experts could then challenge all evasions and put an end to "tax-dodging."

By HANNEN SWAFFER



One-eyed and one-armed, Carton de Wiart, still slim and dashing, has lost none of his toughness at sixty

They Won't Lie Down

WHERE are the boys of the Old Brigade? Well, some of them have gone to Norway.

You remember how Vesta Tilley used to sing about how if you were in search of the midnight sun, "You needn't go trotting to Norway, you'll find them in every doorway."

Now while nobody can accuse Admiral Sir Edward Evans or Major-General Carton de Wiart of being midnight sons, they are certainly both as much lads of the village as any of the old school.

Both earned fame in the last war. Both are men of great personality. Both are men of dauntless courage.

So when, not a week after Ribbentrop had boasted to the American journalists in Berlin that not one British or French soldier would ever land in Norway, we sent a little expeditionary force, there went with it a sailor and a soldier, whom both the Services prized.

"Evans of the Broke" was one, this because, having married a Norwegian wife, he spoke the language very well.

Carton de Wiart, who because he lost an eye and a hand in the Great War, in which he was wounded at least seven times, was said to have the Nelson touch, although he was a soldier, was the other.

Why, the British Expeditionary Force had not been in Norway for over a week before there came back a typical story of de Wiart.

DURING continuous air raids near Trondheim, a veteran British officer was seen to leave an air-raid shelter, stroll down the street with bombs falling thick and fast all around him and go to buy a large slab of chocolate.

When the story reached home that the seasoned battle veteran had lost one eye and one hand, everyone knew it was Carton de Wiart.

No, it was not shortage of officers that, in a war in which a would-be recruit may find himself graded low because of a hammer toe, made the War Office send a one-eyed, one-armed officer to Scandinavia.

His half-English, half-Belgian parentage had made a good fighting mixture, and at 60 he has lost none of his toughness.

When he went to the Cape to serve in the Boer War, he looked, somebody said, "Ouida's slim, dashing guardsman."

He still looks slim and is dashing—this despite a bristling grey moustache that has given him a fiercer look.

It was in the Somaliland Camel Force, early in the Great War, that he lost his eye.

THIS didn't stop him from going to France and losing a hand. Even then he went back and commanded some of the troops who took La Boiselle in 1916. There he won his V.C. for "the most conspicuous bravery, coolness and determination."

The Great War over, he went to Poland as a member of a British military mission, liked the place and bought a house there.

He went to live in Poland because of the shooting. In England, according to him, shooting is too much of a social affair. As someone says in *The Jersey Lily*, "In goes sixpence, up goes a guinea, and down comes three and six." Then they have tea.

AND in Poland, at least until the Germans and Russians walked in, you could shoot elk, wild boar, wolves, lynx and bear everything almost except lions.

De Wiart had chosen a very lonely house in Poland, to get away from people. He found himself becoming more and more of an adviser to Pilsudski, who trusted him and thought highly of his advice.

In all those years the British Government had no policy concerning Poland. Perhaps, if de Wiart had played a hand, History might have been different.

When Prince Radziwill lent him an estate eight miles from the Russian frontier, he was so lonely that it took a boat journey of 40 miles to reach his nearest neighbour.

It was a sportsman's paradise.

Wide-eyed Russians said this strange solitary soldier, living as he did miles from his own country and meeting nobody, must be a spy. Although what he was spying on in such a wilderness, nobody knew.

His many wounds, however, still gave him trouble, and so he had to come to London now and then, to go to St. Mary's Hospital, where they understood his case.

His friends in Britain were very few, apart from the doctors, nurses and attendants at St. Mary's. They are his very dear friends.

Well, when de Wiart was in Poland shooting, the Germans started shooting of another kind.

He saw it all and, when it was over, came here.

IT was nonsense to judge German military efficiency by their successes in Poland, he told the War Office. "The Polish infantryman, man for man, was far superior."

De Wiart saw eight divisions blast their way through 13 Nazi divisions, many of them hand-picked men, and fight their way clean up to the gates of Warsaw.

Poland was beaten by German spies and other civilians acting as a vanguard of the German Army, he also said.

He told how, when the Polish High Command had changed its headquarters so often that even its own Generals were getting puzzled, it drove to its newest H.Q. The streets were crowded with people anxious to see it arrive.

"However did you know?" the townspeople were asked. "It was only decided this morning."

The enemy had told them on the wireless three hours before!

We should beware a Fifth Column in England. No, it is not in the Army. It puts lying Fascist tracts in letter-boxes—and runs—away.

The Strength of Doing Right

CHRIST'S Way is the Only Way. He is the Beginning and the End, He is The Leader, and Companion, The Physician and The Friend, He is The Light that Never Fails, The Hope that Cannot Fade He is the only Real Support when through grim War we wade.

CHRIST'S Way is the Only Way, He is The Master Mind, and Power-puppets in the end their little value find. He is The Guide upon Life's Road, The Lantern in Life's Night, He is The Power of Goodness and The Strength of Doing Right.

CHRIST'S Way is the Only Way, without Him Vision dims, and nations crack from end to side through their Despot's vain-scope whims, who view the World in terms of power, while their Geography spells Death, but Christ's Way is BROTHER-LOVE and Life-of-the-World His Breath.

CHRIST'S Way is the Only Way, leave Him out and you get Defeat, that counts just the same for nations as for every man-in-the-street. For Christ's Way is The Human Way as well as The Divine and those who tread all other ways must reap their Great Decline.

J. M.

NAZI BARGAINS ALL ALIVO!

PIGS' trotters and pyrites, copra and cu rants, senna pods and cement, petrol a pineapples, are among the four hundr commodities seized as contraband a sold by order of the British Admiralty Pri Court during the last few weeks.

In tightening the blockade stranglehold, t authorities ceased to issue detailed lists of Naval Priz admitting only that the goods reaching Germany sea had become but a trickle of what they were year ago.

But an Admiralty expert told JOHN BULL that the 600,000 tons seized by British seamen, oil, rubb metal ores, head the list, while fibres seized would ma 46,000,000 sandbags, the hides and skins 5,000,0 Army boots.

* * *

In an average week, seizures were: 4,568 tons petroleum; 660 tons of cotton; 614 tons of foodstu and beverages; 212 tons of tin; and 105 tons of rubb

To deal with these commodities the Admiral Prize Court is sitting again after an interval of twen years, its administration governed by the internation laws and precedents created in the seven hundred yea of its existence.

Up on the bench in the Prize Court in London t president glances through his papers, a frown on h face. He has spent most of his judicial time listeni to tales of marital woe. He may be doing so aga to-morrow, but to-day a gilded anchor hangs, slight askew, above his chair.

, On each side of him sits an elderly master marine They are Brethren of Trinity House, his nautic assessors or advisers.

A barrister is droning on. He begins a long recit of the documents in the case, an incredible farrago strange phrases about even stranger cargoes . . . goes on . . . ask condemnation as both prize and co traband of all . . . very mixed cargo, m'lud . . . and apply "doctrine of infection" that contraband goo infect the rest . . . the 500 cases antimony regulus ca be used as munitions of war, therefore contraband an the rest follows. . . .

* * *

Eventually the president speaks.

"I do condemn this ship as good and lawful prize, he says, "and I do order her to be delivered to th Crown without appraisement."

And as he dips his pen into his inkwell to add hi initials to the papers in front of him another 13,000 ton steamship, once the pride of the German Mer cantile Marine passes out of German ownership fo ever.

All "prize" condemned in the Court belongs t the Crown, but until the last war the King made ove all proceeds "taken at sea" to the officers and crew of the ships making the seizures.

All "sea prize" money was then placed in common fund to be shared among the whole Navy.

The proceeds worked out at about £6,000,000 i 1914-18. The share of a fully fledged A.B. or stoke worked out at about £22 a head.

A sailor of Nelson's day would never have forgotte that prize money.

It was among the main rewards of his service but a lot of Jellicoe's men did forget. There was a unclaimed prize money balance of nearly £250,000 i the Navy Funds until quite recently.

Now the Admiralty-Marshal takes all prize cargoes puts them through the Courts, disposes of them a sales and hands the proceeds to the Admiralty.

The money is paid into the Consolidated Fund for the relief of taxation. So Nazi goods stopped on the high seas help to pay for the war.

* * *

There remains the Prize Bounty.

The Courts have little to do with this because the Bounty comes out of public funds. It is paid to the officers and crew of any ship sinking or capturing an enemy vessel. Bounty works out at £5 a person on board the enemy ship.

For the ordinary man there are bargains.

It means watching the Admiralty-Marshal's list of goods offered for sale by "public tender." His department have neither the time nor the organisation to haggle for top prices.

And although you may not want 500 tons of ground nuts, you may find real "prize" bargains

STUART MARTIN

thrilled you with vivid stories of humble seamen who are braving the fiendish ferocity of Nazi pirates.

He begins this week an even more stirring narrative of our glorious Royal Air Force, the magnificent young men who dare death with a laugh.

This brilliant new series takes you into the very teeth of their combats.

Conquerors of the Sky

AMAZING, these youngsters. I have been among them, have lived with them, have followed them from the first days of their training to the day when they went to fight. I have seen them come back, weary, wounded, bleeding and exhausted. But always they have laughed, even when Death flapped his wings.

We owe it to their parents, to the nation, to give a glimpse of them at work.

There is one magnificent story that may not yet be told of a British 'plane that raided Germany and came home with a dead crew. That amazing epic will be told one day.

But this story can be told.

When a force of British bombers raided Heligoland and inflicted damage on German warships, the German High Command was thoroughly alarmed.

Field-Marshal Goering ordered some of his crack squadrons of Messerschmidt 110, fast fighters of the twin-engine type, from other fronts to reinforce the defences of their north-west coasts. Their crews were picked men, the best that Germany could summon.

THIS was not known to the men of a formation of British 'planes curvetting over the North Sea to again attack Heligoland and Wilhelmshaven. They were just a normal team. Most of them had never before been under fire. They did not know that they were flying into the greatest battle in the air.

They were in battle formation, every man at his post, when at the entrance to Heligoland Bight they saw rising before them a flock of German fighters, rushing to break up the attack.

Battle formation it was with the British aircraft when they entered the Bight.

Battle formation it was when they met the shock of the enemy. They thrust their way ahead, beating off the attack, mowing down Nazi 'planes right and left.

Battle formation it was when they rode out again into clear skies.

They left Nazi aircraft fluttering like falling leaves, enveloped in fire and smoke. But let us see how all this happened.

In the foremost British bomber sat a pilot whose name should have been Victor. A splinter had slashed him across the forehead, and the blood dripped into his eyes.

Peering through his windscreen, Victor saw something that made him forget his wound. The sky was filling with Nazi aircraft—not the type the British pilots had already shouldered aside, but the much-vaunted Messerschmidts. Goering's crack squadrons.

No ordinary force, it was an Armada, seven or eight to every British aircraft. A hundred 'planes were ranged for battle.

As the enemy burst on them, the British leader flashed out the signal, "Keep formation!"

Whatever happened, the objective of the attack must be reached; the bombs must be dropped according to schedule.

Crowding together, flying wingtip to wingtip, the Wellington bombers held to their course. Victor's machine was singled out by a Nazi fighter at the start of the attempt to scatter the attackers.

Crowding together, flying wingtip to wingtip, the Wellington bombers held to their course . . . It was the old British solid square that told again, as it told on the field of Waterloo and a thousand other battles on land and sea through the centuries

DOWN from the clouds dropped the Nazis, firing every gun, blazing from every angle. Past Victor's 'plane went a fighter with a whirl of crackling guns, bullets smashing their way through the fuselage, tearing pieces from wings, ripping struts and fabric. Still Victor's rear gunner held his fire.

As the Nazi hurtled past, the British gunner let go all he had. The blast hit the German machine like a whirlwind. Bullets tore holes in every part of the machine, smashed into the pilot, his gunners, his crew.

Every man went down under that hail of lead. The Messerschmidt spun in the air like a top, the wings fell off, and it dropped like a stone into the sea.

"One!" shouts the gunner in triumph.

To the attack came another Nazi, hurtling inward.

It passed under the British 'plane, swung round, blazed its guns in furious bursts, and roared upward.

It passed the tail of the British machine so close that it narrowly escaped a collision.

And as it passed the British guns caught it.

So great was the impact that the Nazi lifted as if tossed by an unseen hand.

It fell over on its side, and two of its crew fell out. For a split second the crew of Victor's machine saw them sprawled in the air, as if they floated. Then, with twitching limbs, they disappeared below.

"Two!" roared the gunner.

Yet the formation held.

Not by a hair's breadth did the Wellingtons deviate from their course.

Unable to stop that flight of intrepid airmen, the Nazis changed their tactics. They hurled themselves in mass formation at the British.

Wave after wave of them flew straight at the flanks of the formation, pouring ammunition into them.

Victor felt a hot, searing pain rip his right leg.

Bullets crashed near his face. He heard them whizz as they battered all around him.

One of his crew went down, but a minute later he was up again on his hands and knees, hitting back, hitting back all the time.

"They can't beat us, sir," he whispered.

"No," replied Victor, grinning in spite of the pain that was burning his leg. "They won't beat us, old boy!"

And as he spoke he saw a Nazi machine right in his path, the pilot bent on smashing his machine into the bomber.

It came at them like an express train. Then it stopped short, its nose rose in the air, it somersaulted and disappeared from his line of vision.

"Three!" came the voice of the gunner.

Unshaken and unchecked, the bombers flew on, straight for Wilhelmshaven.

Only in one or two instances did a British machine fall out of formation, crippled and damaged.

It was the old British solid square that told again, as it told on the field of Waterloo and a thousand other battles on land through the centuries.

Over their objective they flew, still in formation.

Then each bomber went down, to deal the greatest blow of all.

UNCONSCIOUS of his wound, Victor saw through the red film that was in his eyes the outline of a German warship in dock.

The bomber on his left began to dive.

He pulled at his stick and followed.

And then, at the proper moment, his first bomb was released.

Dead on the objective went the missile, and the bomber heaved with the explosion that rent the deck of the ship.

Another bomb was loosed.

And then another, and so until all were gone.

Fire and smoke burst out from the docks and sheds below.

Houses toppled as though their foundations had been cut away from their superstructure. The air was filled with the roar and crash of explosions.

Again according to schedule, Victor turned his craft westward, still keeping formation in spite of the Nazi fighters.

NO longer coming in waves, the attack was now single thrusts by aces of German flying.

For Victor and his fellow-pilots the task before them was to bring their machines home.

His fighting turret was out of action. Two of the gunners were wounded. Yet Victor crouched over his controls, with the crash of enemy bullets coming in bursts all around him, guiding the machine unerringly.

His second in command dodged from gun position to gun position, aiming and firing.

The Nazis were beaten off again.

Sixty miles from their own coast they turned back.

The whole battle had occupied just under an hour, but the British had still 300 miles of sea to cross. Bombers were crippled, crews stricken, yet they still kept in formation.

One by one the bombers came home, landed, and their pilots stepped out.

Victor, wiping the sweat and blood from his eyes, was helped into bed.

As the surgeon examined his leg he grinned.

"Good scrap!" he said.

And fell asleep.

These wonderful youngsters of the R.A.F.!

NEXT WEEK

Lucky, the Hero of Coastal Command

For Your Protection

The Ministry of Home Security recently issued an urgent warning to the public to take cover not only when an air raid warning is sounded but when gun-fire or the sound of bombardment is heard.

It is stated that casualties have already occurred through people ignoring past warnings.

For the sake of your dependants you cannot afford to neglect any measure of protection, so make sure that you are covered by JOHN BULL'S Free Air Raid Insurance.

Through shortage of space, Registration Forms have been held over this week. They can be cut from past issues, or obtained on application to JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Hitler's White Elephant

NO mid-day sun can lighten Hitler's newest nightmare. By their huge minefields the Allies have corked the Kiel Canal at both ends.

They have deprived the Fuehrer of his sea-legs.

This daring feat (the mere possibility of which frightened Bismarck and the Kaiser) will be among the reasons for his ultimate defeat.

For months it had been planned and prepared.

Hardly a clear day passed without the 61-mile waterway being mapped by the R.A.F.'s photographic cameras.

Their all-observant lenses revealed titanic efforts to make the canal bigger and better.

Huge furnaces blazed day and night.

From Kiel to Brunsbüttel, thousands of men laboured on shifts all round the clock.

Giant dredgers were increasing the depth by one-sixth, while navvies toiled to add 200 feet to the existing width of 150 feet.

Hitler had determined to make Kiel the widest, deepest, and most vital canal in the world. Battleships were to have slipped from the North Sea to the Baltic to aid the Scandinavian campaign. . . .

Then the Royal Navy took a hand.

And to-day Kiel is a watery graveyard for the ships trapped within.

The Fuehrer's chagrin must be even more bitter than Kaiser Wilhelm's shock in 1914, when £11,000,000 had been spent on improvements to the canal.

At the reopening of this "German life-line," old von Tirpitz could not conceal from the visiting British naval squadron that the canal was still so shallow that his battleships were damaging their propellers on the sandy bottom.

At the same time came the Sarajevo assassination, and the Kaiser left Kiel in a hurry as the British ships raised anchor and steamed for home.

Within a month we were at war.

Only a leakage in the French Cabinet, it is said, spoiled a British plan to land 100,000 men in Holstein to capture the canal.

When peace was restored, the canal was made a free waterway for the world's merchantmen. But directly Hitler scrapped the Versailles Treaty he started to rebuild the steel-and-concrete forts that the Allies had dismantled.

Ever since his shipyards have been working at high pressure. New aerodromes have been raised and camouflaged in the fields bordering the canal.

To keep the Kiel workers contented, wages are nearly double the Berlin minimum, rations far better.

No doubt Hitler, the student of history, remembers that a mutiny at Kiel heralded the end of the Imperial German rule.

But all his precautions have been set at naught by the new Allied minefields.

He is now having to fling up a great defensive wall lest the Allies eventually retake Denmark.

Thousands of men, and women, too, are being press-ganged into trench-digging and throwing up barbed wire fortifications.

The canal has become a major Nazi weakness rather than a source of strength. All its secrets are known to the R.A.F. cameras.

Its concrete anti-aircraft pillars, placed every three miles along its shores, have not prevented Nazi battleships from being bombed at their bases.

"I would rather have the neutralisation of Kiel than a thousand Heligolands," Mr. Churchill declared long ago.

That wish is now a fact!

Kiel Canal to-day is a watery graveyard for ships trapped there

Without Fear

BRITAIN'S

IN THE NINTH MONTH OF T WAR NINE HUNDRED SMA MANUFACTURERS WITH TV MILLION WORKERS ARE ST BEGGING TO HELP!

FAIR "distribution" is the essence of every "square deal." Nationally, that means fair distribution of work as well as money, and profits as well as taxes.

Returning to the attack on "blunderers at home," JOHN BULL declares that the war time distribution of work in this country is giving a "raw deal" to thousands of small employers, millions of skilled workers.

It has crippled the building trade.

It has left innumerable small manufacturing firms to struggle for survival while powerful combines can scarcely find enough men to fill huge contracts on time.

It has cheated a grand industrial army of its right to national service.

It has made "the mobilisation of the nation's man-power" sound like the cheap clap-trap of a second-rate conjuror.

JOHN BULL holds Mr. Leslie Burgin, Minister of Supply, responsible for the uneven distribution of work, and we blame the Government as a whole for its failure to provide work *now* for the coming peace.

ALWAYS a tragedy, always something of a scandal, and now an inexplicable disgrace to a great nation engaged in a life-and-

Food Experts Point the Way to Victory on the Home Front

ARM THE GOOD EARTH FOR BATTLE

Germans can't starve us—but official half-heartedness can! This is the conclusion to which "John Bull" has been driven after weeks of enquiry into Britain's food position.

That task was undertaken—as we mentioned at the time—in no spirit of carping criticism.

The only desire was to help bemused authority—not worry it. In that spirit "John Bull" has asked four experts to give their final word on the position.

SIR ALBERT HOWARD,
leading Empire agriculturist and botanist.

WAR found the fields of Britain in no condition for growing the extra food required.

The Ministry of Agriculture can transform this failure into success by restoring fertility to the soil in the shortest possible time.

It will cost more than £2 an acre; it will be a gigantic task. Yet we must give back to the land the vast quantities of humus squandered in the last sixty years. The material is lying unused.

There are ten million tons of finished humus in controlled tips around large cities.

All that is needed is to screen it and apply it.

Then there are millions of tons of town wastes which, pulverised and mixed with farm manures, would quadruple the volume of manure available.

Unemployed men would welcome the job!

We've got to make our soil more fertile to arrest racial deterioration.

The medical testament of six hundred Cheshire doctors shows how this racial deterioration is going on in rural England.

Vegetables grown on soil made fertile with such waste products ended colds, measles, scarlet fever and other illnesses at one big school.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR FRANCIS TOWLE,
foremost catering expert and a leader of the military anti-waste campaign of the last war.

SAVE every scrap! Housewives must keep every waste article separate—food scraps, tins, paper and the rest. It is real win-the-war work, and 99 per cent. of the people are eager to help.

The Services are willing to co-operate.

I remember the fight Sir John Cowans, our Quartermaster-General last time, had to make against heavy odds. He appointed business men to each Command.

After a great deal of uphill work huge economies were made, gigantic quantities of waste were made available for munition-making and other purposes.

The system of allotting so many pounds of everything to each soldier, without regard to how many there were in each camp, was obviously improvident, and it was changed.

We might learn a lot from last time.

COLONEL NATHAN, M.P.,
Director of Welfare to the Eastern Command.

THE key to the whole problem is "Produce More." Do it yourself—and encourage others.

Army detachments, particularly anti-aircraft batteries, are being encouraged to grow vegetables. But a lot depends on the good will of local civilians. Lending tools is a great help to them.

If a square yard is out of use when there is a man to dig it, if a spade or a hoe lies idle when there are hands to wield it, then lives are being risked unnecessarily, cargo space wasted, victory made more difficult.

MR. ROGER BINGLEY,
delegate to the B.M.A. National Nutrition Conference, who has drawn attention to the problems of agriculture through films.

I HAVE been delighted by JOHN BULL'S informed agricultural articles. The basic problem is surely to increase the demand for vegetables by making known new methods of attractive preparation.

If housewives can be induced by well-thought-out publicity to become vegetable-conscious, then their menfolk will need no persuasion to grow more vegetables and there will be no marketing problem.

Early in the war I made a test of our vegetable consciousness.

I chose a fertile strip of rural Sussex.

Enquiries in the wage group that embraces 75 per cent. of the population showed that 16 per cent. of the people had kitchen gardens but didn't cultivate them; 18 per cent. worked their kitchen gardens and allotments; only 28 per cent. used a stockpot or regularly consumed vegetable soups.

If less than a third of the people of rural Sussex use a stockpot, know how to conjure a nutritious and well-balanced meal out of bones and scraps, how can you expect it of the urban people who cannot grow their own vegetables?

We have reserved the final conclusion for ourselves. The British Navy and the good earth of Britain can be depended on to feed us.

But the British Navy has sterner work to do. We must look to the soil.

It won't let us down—if we don't let it down.

Favour By THE EDITOR

s Wasted Army

Mr. Leslie Burgin in one of the white cloaks with which he equipped the Norway B.E.F. in record time. Yet Home Front manpower is still unorganised

AND "JOHN BULL" MAINTAINS THAT IT CANNOT BE SOLVED UNTIL THIS GOVERNMENT DECIDES TO BUILD FOR PEACE AS WELL AS WAR.

Work has been stopped on 17,000 houses that were under construction and 15,000 operatives are unemployed in Scotland. Yet it was estimated before the war that 300,000 new dwellings were needed to end the Scottish housing scandal.

In greater or lesser degree the urgent need for new houses is recognised throughout England.

Refusing to provide cover against the unknown risks of air attack, the Government has forced the Building Societies to restrict, or refuse, credit to would-be purchasers. Speculative builders have been driven out of business.

And JOHN BULL wants to know where soldiers are going to find homes to live in after they come back from the war?

IF NOTHING IS DONE TO REMEDY THE PRESENT SITUATION, WE FEAR A GRAVER HOUSING SHORTAGE AT THE END OF THIS WAR THAN THERE WAS AFTER THE LAST.

IT is said that building is among the "non-essential" industries that must be sacrificed to the needs of war. We do not agree.

We admit that feeding the gigantic war machine itself must come before the stoking-up of any other national activity.

But in stoking, as in everything else, "distribution" is immensely important, and the existing distribution of sheer war work is not only unjust, but also wasteful.

Did you know, for instance, that in London alone there are small factories capable of producing more than the total output of some of our largest manufacturing towns?

If the total output of all the "little factories" from Land's End to John o' Groats *could* be co-ordinated intelligently they would produce a formidable total of guns, shells, machine parts, or whatever else happened to be urgently needed.

There are nine hundred relatively small manufacturers in Great Britain, employing two million people, and they complain that they cannot work at anything like full pressure because they cannot make direct contact with the Ministry of Supply!

BUT it has been officially stated that all firms, great or small, have free access to the Ministry.

It was also said, by a famous wit, that justice is free to all—like the Ritz Hotel.

HOWEVER COURTEOUSLY THE MINISTRY MAY ACKNOWLEDGE THE APPLICATIONS OF "THE LITTLE MEN," CONCRETE BUSINESS SEEMS TO BE FLOWING CHIEFLY THROUGH "OFFICIAL CHANNELS."

Scores of minor factories are still forced to approach their more important competitors for "sub-contracts"!

We don't know why.

We don't understand what objection there can be to the smallest factory making its offer of service direct to the Ministry and accepting its orders direct from that source.

This is not what is happening.

We still receive complaints about "commissions" that are being charged, legally, no doubt, but to no valid national purpose.

And we protest with our utmost vigour against the mere suggestion that "kissing goes by favour," or that the big contracts should be farmed out solely to "the big men."

Again and again our leaders tell us that we are fighting "a total war." The enemy is—but are we?

We have budgeted for "total war."

The public is prepared for all the sacrifices that "total war" entails.

BUT ON THE HOME FRONT WE OBSERVE WITH CONSTERNATION, NOT ONLY THAT THERE ARE MORE THAN A MILLION IDLE HANDS, BUT ALSO THAT THERE ARE SEVERAL MILLIONS OF GOOD WORKERS GOING TO WASTE.

WE know of a London firm holding contracts that run into millions, and of several others in the provinces that may be fairly described as "over-employed."

This is all part and parcel of the Ministry of Supply's chief blunder—its failure to make direct contact with the multitude of well-equipped, capable small firms, with labour and plant available where it can be used cheaply.

When the A.R.P. building programme is completed next month, unemployment in this industry will presumably increase.

It may be alleviated to some extent by orders recently placed for new armament factories, and later by the construction of 50 more factories, including a million-pound metal works in Cumberland.

JOHN BULL trusts that the work will be more equally divided.

Britain needs a national policy to control the building industry. Even if Mr. Burgin did his utmost from now on to give every firm its proportionate share of available war work, the main problem would still remain unsolved.

Argue It Out *by Pallas*

Little Tough Guys...

THE quiet little man who dropped into the local every night for his couple of pints—never more, never less—had always aroused in me a faint sense of pity and derision.

He looked so timid, so nervous, so afraid of life.

In the winter he wore spats.

His eyes blinked through gold-rimmed spectacles and he smoked an occasional cheroot with what I judged to be an air of bravado.

For weeks we drank our beer at the same bar, separated by a yard or two, yet socially as apart as the poles. One night I missed his timorous presence. I asked about him.

What I heard about the little man jolted me out of my smug superiority.

I felt like a worm when I heard of the quiet man's record, remembering the pity I had felt for his seeming terror of the "realities of life."

There was nothing timid about him. In the last war he had been a REGIMENTAL SERGEANT-MAJOR, and when I thought of the times I had quaked inwardly at the sight, let alone the disfavour, of our R.S.M., of how his presence on the barrack square used to make eye and muscle react like lightning, I knew how hopeless a reader of his fellow-men a man can be.

☆ ☆ ☆

HE had a brilliant Army record. When his firm asked for his release after the Armistice the Army pleaded for his retention for six more months.

He had guts; had commanded the respect and obedience of other men; had made a fine job of one of the most difficult jobs in the Army.

Now many men are not what they seem. I have known men whose faces, cast in brutal, almost criminal, mould, have masked wells of tenderness.

I have met men whose imposing front of bullying self-importance has collapsed before the strength of quiet sincerity.

Some rogues look like saints, some men of God look like anything but spiritual leaders.

All men are apt to be misjudged, but none so unjustly as the little men. They are the butt of the red-nosed comedian; they are thought to make henpecked husbands and to suffer from an inferiority complex because of their lack of inches.

One such little man was the butt of a Manchester newspaper office where I worked years ago.

He was not only small but also his legs were deformed. His face was as ugly as sin.

For a long time he stood the jibes, the laughs, the contempt and the practical jokes of his colleagues.

But one day he lost his self-control.

That funny little man was a tough guy.

And somehow his funniness had vanished.

He was fury personified. One sensed in him a reckless courage, a defiance out of all proportion to his poor, stunted body.

☆ ☆ ☆

YOU will find many quiet little tough guys. They are the type who will fight like all the fiends of hell if the odds are against them.

They are the type who made the bantam battalions such splendid fighting units.

Little men do, and have done, big things in industry, in commerce, in the arts of war and peace.

Their achievements are marked by clear, incisive judgment, by a quiet acceptance of barriers that must be swept away, of obstacles that must be surmounted.

The little men of Britain are every bit as staunch and tough as the biggest giants. And, when roused, their bodies become dynamos of energy and fury.

In the matter of looks, things are not what they seem.

Many a quiet man is quiet because he likes peace and contentment. But don't translate that quiet into terms of timidity.

Remember my "timorous" little tough guy—ex R.S.M. and a leader of men.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER

A generous supply of nature's own beautifiers—palm and olive oils—goes into every Palmolive tablet.

PALMOLIVE

3½d. U.K. only

In these DIFFICULT Days...

Thousands of House-wives are saying

"Thank Goodness it costs so little to make meals TWICE as sustaining with WEETABIX"

There's no doubt about the sustaining qualities of Weetabix, and the more you Housewives make use of it the better for the health of your families. Weetabix is double-toasted to make it tasty. It's crisp to the teeth—crunchy and nutty on the palate. It looks good—it is good—100% sun-ripened wheat with all its vital body-building elements intact.

Weetabix for breakfast, with hot or cold milk, is most sustaining. You can ring the changes, too, by eating Weetabix spread with marmalade, jam, honey, paste, cheese, etc.

Housewives should remember that there is no waste with Weetabix, no cooking, no preparation. British made by British workers.

SEND US 1½d. IN STAMPS FOR A GENEROUS SAMPLE

Weetabix

NO INCREASE IN PRICE 6D. & 10½D.

Weetabix Limited, Dept. J.B.5, Burton Latimer, Northants. From all Grocery Stores

Lift that CORN right OUT with 'FREEZONE'

THE very first application of 'Freezone' stops pain, and within a few days the corn becomes so loose that you can actually lift it right out—root and all. 'Freezone' Corn Remover *never fails* to remove corns without the least pain or difficulty. It's only 1/3 a bottle at all chemists, and every bottle is sold with a money-back guarantee.

INDIGESTION AND FLATULENCE AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food simply can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day? They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute attacks of gastric pain 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them. Neat flat boxes for the pocket 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6.

MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

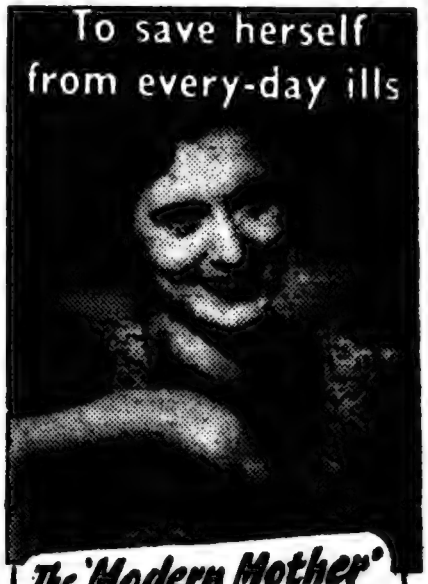
GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

8/- per month (or about 3d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrome Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Men's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £4:19:9 or 8/- monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £6:3:6 Terms: 16/3 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', & Tandems, Roadsters Racers, Club Models

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

8/- now

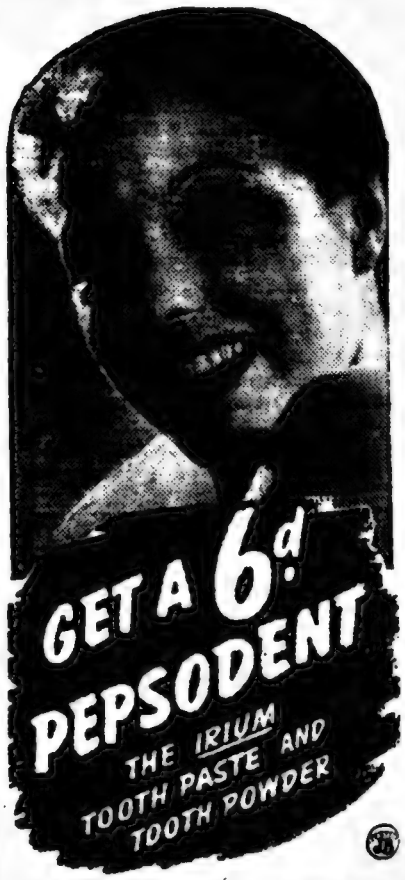
To save herself from every-day ills



The 'Modern Mother' takes Beechams Pills

Mothers take Beechams Pills to avoid constipation, and so to keep slim, active and never over-tired. Beechams Pills are gentle, natural, effective and reliable. They are purely vegetable. Obtainable everywhere. Get some for yourself, today.

Worth a Guinea a Box



GET A 6d PEPSODENT

THE IRIUM TOOTH PASTE AND TOOTH POWDER

See for yourself, as millions have, how quickly Pepsodent *plus* Irium (this newly discovered cleansing miracle) brushes away unsightly surface stains and treacherous hidden particles. See how quickly teeth look brighter, more radiant than ever before.

Get the extra value of IRIUM with Pepsodent

—still only 6d!

HUMANIST, *to whom men and women in all walks of life reveal their innermost thoughts, tells of the cruel dilemma of an invalid and upbraids*

BEDSIDE FOOLS

MOST people are born with their physical senses intact—sight, hearing, smelling, tasting, and a few more—but a great many seem to lack such necessary mental qualities as common sense, humour, and sense of fair-play.

Others seem to be devoid of tact, and tread heavily where angels would fear to go. Consider the misery caused to this bed-ridden girl by the tactless.

"Because of a spinal weakness," she writes, "I have to lie on my back in one position. You can imagine it has taken some will-power to maintain my courage. I find that visitors, who should help me, are really my worst enemies.

"They say such things as:

"'If I had to lie like that I should go mad.'

"'Do you think the doctor really understands your case?'

"'Is there any chance of your ever walking again?'

"'I don't suppose you will ever be the same girl after this. You always used to be so bright and active.'

"Please, Humanist, tell me how to deal with such long-faced pessimists. There are certain days when I feel I could refuse their gifts of flowers.

"I try so hard to smile and be brave. My people tell me to laugh at these remarks, but visitors almost make me believe that I don't realize the seriousness of it all."

SUCH people ought not to be allowed inside the hospital.

The girl would be justified in demonstrating with them.

"What a stupid thing to say to an invalid!" she might exclaim. "Here am I trying to keep cheerful and you come along and say everything you can to depress me."

If the nurses knew what was happening, they would try to prevent such visitors from going near, and I am rather surprised that members of the girl's own family have not ordered the baleful creatures to keep away.

Another letter this week tells me about a family of two brothers and a sister, none of whom has spoken to the others for twenty years.

"When the sister was at home," he writes, "the unmarried brother did nothing. Then the girl went out to work and the man started helping his mother with the business.

"When the mother fell ill, the married brother came to help. So the other brother went on strike again.

"Now the mother is suffering through having a weak heart the married brother looks after the shop all day while the bachelor helps during the evening.

"If anybody gives an order for something to be done, he tells the mother and she tells the other son. The men never speak to each other.

"And this has been going on for more than twenty years!

"This silence is difficult in normal times, but it is doubly inconvenient now. Conversation is impossible—and the whole situation is most embarrassing.

"If only they could stop this stupidity it would be a blessing to themselves and everybody else."

I AM surprised that the mother did not knock the brothers' heads together years ago. None of them can possess a grain of common sense, or the slightest gleam of humour.

You hear of families that are not on speaking terms for days, or even weeks. But for twenty years!

And now I must tell you about letters I have received from readers interested in my questions about neurasthenia.

Two things struck me at the outset. Every sufferer imagines that his experience is unique.

Few confess to their fears because they feel it would sound "silly."

Dragging them into daylight makes the patient feel that he has been ridiculous.

Still, several "owned up."

"It seems to me I have had all the fears," writes a woman reader. "Fear of trains, fear of heights and depths, fear of water and bridges, fear of crowds, fear of confined spaces and of wide open spaces.

"I suffered mental torture for years. I was afraid to tell others. They might think me 'crackers.'

"One day I met an old Scotch doctor who was attending a friend, and I told him.

"WHEN I asked whether he thought I was going crazy, he laughed.

"'My dear lady,' he said, 'you're no exception I can tell ye. There are millions like ye!'

"Imagine my relief! I thought I was alone with it all.

"'Now next time you get the dithers in a crowd just look around ye,' he continued. 'Don't think everyone is all right but yourself. The person next to ye may be feeling as bad as ye—or worse.'"

The reader made enquiries.

There was a jolly girl who dared not look out of a window; a big, healthy man who was afraid to travel by train. The knowledge that she was not alone with her fears did much to effect a cure.

Another writer confessed that he was troubled by fear of illness.

"If I coughed, I was beginning with consumption," he says. "A headache, however slight, was a symptom of some awful brain trouble.

"I read medical books and spent hours identifying my diseases.

"My doctor told me I was quite well, and asked what worried me. I was only afraid he was wrong!

"My boss once suggested I should walk with him. This time I was convinced that I was about to have an epileptic fit.

"So strong was the feeling that I left him abruptly and ran back to the car, into which I crept trembling and sweating.

"He thought I was going crazy and sacked me. Can you blame him?

"I was brought to desperation one Sunday when I was waiting for my girl. I felt that I was going to fall. I grabbed the railings and clung to them. A policeman came to me, and put his arm round me, to the interest of the crowd.

"Then my girl stepped off a 'bus. The look of utter astonishment on her face was my cure. I felt a sudden rage against everything and made up my mind either to kill these fears or kill myself!"

"I find that tactless bedside visitors instead of helping me are my worst enemies"

HE offers advice to other sufferers:

"Do things you haven't done before—and talk!

"Don't hide anything. Talk to your pals about the feelings you used to have: used to have, *mind you!*

"Dig up your fears, and kick them away. Your fears are shadows rushing out at you when you least expect them. Next time one of them comes to you, grip it by the throat, and once having gripped keep on shaking it.

"And if you have a collection of bottles of nerve tonic, throw them in the dustbin."

Few sufferers profess to have cured themselves, but I have heard a great many suggestions—diet, herbal remedies and helpful books—but the most satisfactory recommended psychological treatment.

"After being treated by Panel doctors without result," writes a young man, "I found at last a man who could understand. He recommended me to a clinic where medical psychology is practised.

"The process is slow and requires the baring of one's innermost thoughts until the cause of the trouble is found buried in earliest memories.

"Once the danger spot is traced, healing begins. The fees charged are adapted to the circumstances of the patient.

"My only aim in writing is to enable others to know that there is a cure—a positive cure—for the fears created by a disorganised mind."

I hope only that these confessions will help those who are in despair through being haunted by "nerves."

HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

In Your Garden—by Richard Sudell

All Hands to the Plants

RIDGE cucumbers may be sown now in small pots of rich soil, to be planted out later, or the seeds can be sown outdoors, to be protected by a cloche. Plants are grown on ridges, and need a good forkful of manure under each plant to encourage succulent growth.

French beans are always welcome if the pods are fresh and tender. After lightly turning a thin layer of organic manure into the soil, sow seeds two or three inches apart in drills two feet apart.

Later they should be thinned six inches apart.

French beans are rather slow in maturing, and lettuces, radishes, mustard and cress can be grown between the rows as catch crops.

A semi-climbing form of French bean, Bonne Bouche, needs no slicing or stringing, and the pods are cooked whole when young. It is grown in the same way as the runner bean.

Runner beans grown against a wall or fence occupy less space.

Sow the seeds in a double row six inches apart.

Sweet corn is a useful late summer vegetable.

Seeds are best sown in small three-inch pots of rich soil, grown on in the cold frame. About the end of May the plants are set out where they are to mature, preferably in groups of half a dozen plants or more to ensure cross pollination.

Plants, set out two feet apart each way, need a rich soil to secure tender cobs. Golden Cream variety is good, and as the plants have decorative foliage they can be grown in the mixed flower border.

Grand plants for hiding the rubbish heap, marrows are best sown where they are to grow. Make a hole two feet square and a foot deep. Fill this in with six inches of manure, cover with soil, and sow three seeds, covered with a sheet of glass as a protection against late frosts.

If tomatoes are grown under a sunny wall, it is important to replace poor soil with rich, well-manured soil from another part of the garden.

The plants are set out two feet apart, tied to canes or dahlia stakes. All side shoots must be removed as soon as they can be pinched out with thumb and finger.

WHY DO SOME PEOPLE CRACK UP UNDER THE STRAIN

while others come through triumphantly?

Scientists trace it back to sleep. Many people belong to the wrong Sleep Group.

1st SLEEP GROUP

The people who are best fortified to stand war strain belong to this Group. Their sleep is the kind that restores body, nerves and brain completely. They may spend only 5 or 6 hours in bed and yet are never handicapped by "nerves" or tiredness. Theirs is the thoroughly refreshing 1st Group Sleep that everyone should have and that Horlicks gives.

2nd SLEEP GROUP

This Group is made up of people who seem to sleep well enough yet find it impossible to stand up to war worry and anxiety. They get tired easily, feel "nervy," can't keep their mind on things. The reason is that excess acid waste products in the blood *activate* their brain and nerves at night. Hospital tests prove Horlicks corrects this.

3rd SLEEP GROUP

The people who are least able to stand war strain belong to this Group. They sleep badly — can't get to sleep, lie awake at night, or wake tired in the morning. Their trouble is the same as that of people in Group 2, to an even greater degree. Hospital tests prove that Horlicks overcomes this condition, ensures 1st Group Sleep.

There are 3 Sleep Groups

WHICH DO YOU BELONG TO?

HOW are you taking the war? It's a curious fact that some people suffer much more than others from war strain. Even though they sleep 8 or 9 hours every night they feel depressed, "nervy" and tired.

Scientists explain it by pointing out that a great many people belong to the wrong sleep group. We are all classified into 3 levels or groups of sleep.

Those in the 1st Sleep Group get perfect rest for their brain and nerves even from a short night's sleep. They find they can stand up splendidly to war worry and anxiety.

But the trouble with people in the 2nd and 3rd Sleep Groups is that their brain and nerves are kept active all night by the body's excess acid waste products, which accumulate in the blood.

Scientists searched for a food or drink that would neutralize those excess acid waste products. Horlicks alone proved completely successful. Taken at bedtime, Horlicks gives body, nerves and brain complete repose, and ensures 1st Group Sleep every night.

Start taking Horlicks tonight. This nourishing, well-balanced food will neutralize the acid waste products that keep nerves and brain active during sleep, thus guarding against Night Starvation. See how much more energetic and hopeful you will feel. The longer the war lasts, the more urgently you need the restful, restorative 1st Group Sleep that Horlicks bestows. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS at bedtime gives you 1st Group Sleep

SAUSAGE CASSEROLE 1 lb. *sausages*, 1 *large onion*, 2 *ozs. sultanas*, *sour apple*, *pinch herbs*, *stock*, *salt*. Chip onion and fry. Fry sausages. Cover with stock, add sultanas, herbs, salt. Cook slowly in oven 35-40 minutes.

SAUSAGE CASSEROLE IS SUSTAINING .. BUT SAUSAGE CASSEROLE

with Sultanas IS SCRUMPTIOUS!

★Not only Sultanas, but Figs too, are cheap and plentiful now. Both these fruits are full of natural energy-giving sugar, which will sweeten many excellent dishes and save your sugar ration. Stock your larder with Sultanas and Figs NOW!

(31)

USE this Medicinal & Toilet Soap every day for SKIN HEALTH & BEAUTY

Cuticura Soap gives your skin a mild, but thorough antiseptic cleansing which clears away blemishes and restores radiant youthful loveliness.

Cuticura SOAP

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel — and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Small Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Small Little Liver Pills. Unobtainable elsewhere at any price. 1/3 and 3/-.

Beauty Recipe

famous for 30 years

A Time-tested and Proved Recipe for a Flawless Complexion

To make the darkest, roughest skin soft, clear and velvety-smooth — to end blackheads, enlarged pores and other skin defects — try this recipe. Mix one ounce of pure cream of milk (pre-digested) with one ounce of olive oil. You can have it prepared by your chemist, but making a small quantity is expensive. You can get it cheaply — already prepared in Crème Tokalon (Vanishing non-greasy). This actually contains pre-digested dairy cream and olive oil combined with other valuable nourishing and tonic ingredients scientifically blended in correct proportions. Crème Tokalon restores youthful freshness to the skin in a most amazing way. One woman writes: "After only 3 days' use of Crème Tokalon my skin became so clear, so fresh, so lovely, I could hardly believe my eyes." Try Crème Tokalon (White non-greasy), the *time-tested* and *proved* recipe for a flawless complexion. Successful results guaranteed with Crème Tokalon or money refunded.

SPOTLIGHT ON CHARM

Why let the dull and unattractive condition of your teeth rob you of your charm? Try KOLYNOS — and *your* smile too will be a pleasant memory. Use KOLYNOS regularly and soon your teeth will be whiter, brighter and sparkling with new lustre.

Of all Chemists and Stores 1/9, 1/- & 6d.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

The Most ECONOMICAL Tooth Paste

Two Smiling Faces

The girls were glad to find that there were at least two people happy

You'll learn what was wrong with Mummer's Green in this short story

By WILL SCOTT

MUMMER'S GREEN was about the loveliest village you could ever hope to see.

Though it wasn't so far from many places, it seemed miles from anywhere. In the daytime, when the black-out wasn't working, it seemed about three hemispheres away from the war.

Joan and Margaret went down there to start their training for the Land Army. After London it seemed like heaven.

The first person they saw was Mr. Maddock. This was about thirty seconds after leaving the station. Mr. Maddock was Chief Warden for Mummer's Green. Not *a* Warden. *Chief* Warden. There was something in his smiling face, as he strode over the bridge to the station, which made the two girls warm to Mummer's Green immediately.

"We're going to like this place," they said.

They found the post office in Moot Hall Street, a comic little higgledy-piggledy post office, with bread in the window, and a bill about the local amateurs' forthcoming performance of "The Man Who Stayed at Home," for somebody's war comforts fund, and postcards, and tins of sardines, and socks, and a faded framed photograph of the Wembley Exhibition which was going for ninepence—except that it wasn't going.

And coming out of the post office was Mrs. Maddock.

They did not, of course, then know that Mrs. Maddock was Mrs. Maddock any more than they knew that the man on the bridge had been Mr. Maddock.

They certainly did not know that Mrs. Maddock was chairwoman and chief inspiration of the local Knitting Circle. ("A thousand socks a month. A record in this part of the country.")

But there was something about her smiling face, as she came out of the post office, which settled the matter for Joan and Margaret.

"We *do* like this place!" they agreed.

They had promised to send postcards home as soon as they arrived. So into the post office they went.

Shock number one!

The postmaster was one of the most miserable men they had ever seen. His pale, drawn face carried a harassed expression. As they entered his little post office they saw that his eyes were fixed on the ceiling, which meant that they were fixed on nothing. His lips were moving, though no sound came from them.

Afterwards, when they compared notes, the girls found that each had the same thought. "I hope there are no more in Mummer's Green like him."

They bought their postcards—the postmaster taking very little interest in the transaction—and went out.

"Half a dozen like him and I'd want to leave Mummer's Green," said Joan.

Near the church gate came shock number two.

A young man was leaning on the wall, his elbows on the wall itself, his head in his hands, his fingers clutching his hair.

If people have a certain look about them on the point of suicide, that is how the young man looked.

"GOOD gracious me!" said Joan.

"There's something wrong about this place," said Margaret. "What has *he* done? Have we seen all the smiling faces there are to be seen in the place? Just two?"

They passed on, leaving the young man to his misery. There was nobody else to be seen. The sun shone down on an empty village street, on the trim cottages with their hanging baskets and their window-boxes.

"Lunch hour," said Joan.

"Or——?" said Margaret.

"You could imagine that all this was a sham," remarked Joan, "that behind these simple cottage doors are grim and terrible secrets."

"Don't forget the two smiling faces we have seen," Margaret reminded her.

"What I can't forget," said Joan, "is the muttering man who said nothing, and the young man near the church who wanted to kill himself."

"We don't *know*," protested Margaret.

Their farm was a mile and a half out and there was plenty to do when they got there. Mummer's Green and its atmosphere, its two smiling faces and the others, were forgotten. The girls were free at six, but free on this first night only to go to bed.

Never in all their lives had they been so tired.

At six the next morning they started again, a long and back-breaking day.

In the afternoon a car pulled up at the farm. Sitting at the driver's wheel was the smiling woman who had come out of the post office the day before. Alighting from it was the smiling man they had passed on the bridge.

The smiling man's business with the farmer was short, and when, still smiling, he went away, a chance remark of Joan's lifted the farmer's eyebrows and got all his attention.

"What's that, miss?" he said.

"I was saying," Joan answered, "that it's good to see two people at any rate who are happy in these times."

"What!" exclaimed the farmer. "Them? The Maddocks? Huh! Fight like cat and dog!"

The girls were surprised.

"Oh, he *grins*," said the farmer. "Very pleased with himself. Chief Warden, you know, and can't forget it. And she runs the Knitting Circle. Very pleased with *herself*. *She* grins. But, take it from me—cat and dog! Used to be all right.

"But since she started the Knitting Circle she hasn't a minute. He's got to get his own meals—and you know what that means. Absolute lion and tiger!" added the farmer.

So even the two smiling faces of Mummer's Green were a sham!

That evening at six the girls set out to explore their new background. They walked as far as the Beacon and back over the fields to Mummer's Green. The dusk was falling as they came down the hillside and the black-out was almost complete when they reached the outskirts of the village.

FROM behind the closed door of one of the cottages came a voice raised in anger.

"Come on! Let's get it over!"

And an answering voice:

"No! Perhaps we had better come to the point immediately. What I wish to find out from you is whether or not you are prepared to discontinue certain attentions which are no longer welcome to—to myself."

Joan took Margaret's arm and drew her away.

"No business of ours," she said.

"Another quarrel," whispered Margaret. "And a cat-and-dog life at the Maddocks and a young man who wants to kill himself and an old man who mutters at the ceiling Yet it looks like heaven."

After fifty yards they stopped again.

Another cottage. Again raised voices. Another quarrel!

"You want to break off our—our relations, eh?"

"NO, no, I don't," came the answer. "But just for the present, just until you can explain, I think it would be better if we—we didn't see quite so much of one another—and—and—oh, Kit, what are we to do?"

There was the sound of sobbing, a woman in tears, and the man's voice softened.

"I say, look here, little woman, don't do that."

This time it was Margaret who drew Joan away.

"This place is beginning to get on my nerves!"

"But what—what's wrong with it?"

"What's right with it? That's more like the question. If it keeps on like it's started I shall ask to be transferred."

"Listen!"

"What is it now?" asked Margaret.

"That cottage over there—over the way!"

They crossed quietly to the other side of the street. The third cottage stood by the side of the village chemist's. They could just make out the word CHEMIST in the starlight over the shop window.

But the voices came from the cottage itself.

"Now then! What the devil are you afraid of?"

There was a muttered response in what sounded like a foreign tongue, then the first voice spoke again.

"All gone to bed?"

"Every von."

"You're sure?"

"Certain."

"Good! Now, about this fellow on the cliff—can you make sure?"

The voices dropped. A door slammed. Joan and Margaret hurried out of the strange village of Mummer's Green.

"One of those voices was—German!" said Joan.

"Well, I thought. . . . You can't be sure."

"There's something wrong with this place."

"Yes."

"What are we going to do?"

"Get back to the farm."

For three days they did not go to Mummer's Green. And in the end, not knowing what else to do, they told the farmer.

He was amazed that anyone should find a mystery in Mummer's Green.

"I'll make some enquiries," he said. "Discreet ones, of course. I'm going into the village this afternoon. But—Cobb, the chemist! I've known him since he was a boy."

He went. He was gone two hours. When he came back there was a grin on his face.

"Out of your uniform and into your best things," he said. "I'm giving you a treat to-night."

"But did you—did you solve our mystery?"

"It's time," said the farmer, "you were getting ready."

The way to the treat led down the village street and through the door of the Moot Hall.

They were late and the curtain was already up. In the middle of the stage was the postmaster, and with him was the young man who wanted to commit suicide.

The postmaster was saying:

"No! Perhaps we had better come to the point immediately. What I wish to find out from you is whether or not you are prepared to discontinue certain attentions which are no longer welcome to—to myself."

Joan looked at Margaret.

"What's this?" they whispered.

"'The Man Who Stayed at Home,'" replied their farmer. "For the funds of the Knitting Circle. And, judging by the size of the audience, I can see a row coming."

It came the next day, when Mrs. Maddock added up the loss. It swept over Mr. Maddock and swept back again.

They continued to row into their car, so that everybody heard it.

BUT the rest of the village. . .

Cobb the chemist beamed cheerfully on everybody who passed his door. The young couple at the cottage over the way laughed as they trimmed their lawn. The young man who wanted to commit suicide waved merrily to everybody as he passed. And behind his little counter the postmaster sang a rollicking song.

The gaiety was reflected everywhere.

"What *is* it?" asked Margaret.

"They don't have to worry about having to remember their confounded lines any more," said the farmer. "It's like a cloud lifted."

Joan laughed.

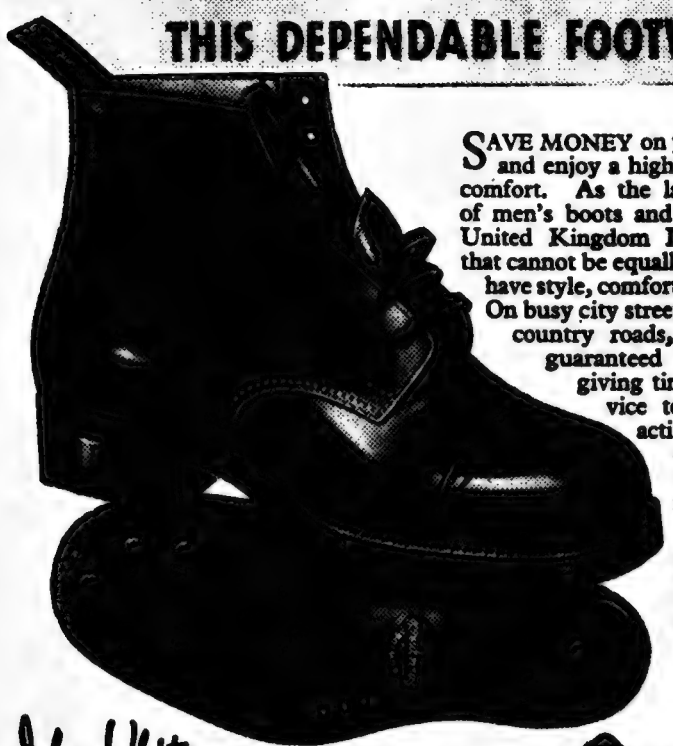
"I'm going to like this place," she said.

MY SIGNATURE –

John White

GUARANTEES

THIS DEPENDABLE FOOTWEAR



SAVE MONEY on your footwear and enjoy a higher standard of comfort. As the largest makers of men's boots and shoes in the United Kingdom I offer values that cannot be equalled. My shoes have style, comfort, longer wear. On busy city streets or on rough country roads, John White guaranteed footwear is giving time-tested service to millions of active feet. Seek out the shop that stocks my brands. It will pay you to take a little trouble. Ask for them by name.

P.W.309

John White FAMOUS

IMPREGNABLE

BRAND OF BOOTS & SHOES

WITH

John White ELKIDE SOLES

P.W.310

All models are obtainable with either "Elkide" treble-wear, or leather soles

See also these TEMERAIRE • INTREPID • RENOWN

THREE SEALS • COURAGEOUS • TRUSTY

John White BRANDS

LOOK OUT FOR THE SHOE SHOP THAT STOCKS "JOHN WHITE" BRANDS!

In case of difficulty please write to:
JOHN WHITE (Impregnable Boots) LTD., HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS.

THE LARGEST MAKERS OF MENS FOOTWEAR IN THE U.K.

MEN OF COOL COURAGE

..FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

In a world of surprises Bondman never changes. Tin after tin contains the same even textured, slow burning tobacco; puff after puff is clean, satisfying and *cool* from start to finish.

LLOYDS'

Bondman

TOBACCO

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1

YOU can protect him against infection

NOW AS IN 1914

Wright's Coal Tar Soap is the recognised skin protective for the Services. The generous antiseptic lather of Wright's is a safeguard that you can give him.

Send him a tablet of

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap

Thanks to FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS

which rapidly remove the after-effects of Bronchitis, Colds, Influenza, etc.

6d. A PACKET. ALSO IN GLASS TUBES AT 1/3d. AND 2/-

Insist on FENNINGS'

OVER 70 YEARS' REPUTATION

ALFRED FENNINGS • COWES • ISLE OF WIGHT

FREE from STOMACH TROUBLE

Mrs. E. Keys, writes:—"Two years ago I suffered severe heartburn and indigestion. I tried several remedies without benefit. A friend recommended DeWitt's Antacid Powder and I obtained immediate relief from the first dose. I am now in perfect health, able to eat and enjoy anything without fear of after-effects. I am very thankful for De Witt's Antacid Powder."

De Witt's Antacid Powder gives instant relief, even in chronic cases of indigestion, because the first dose really does the trick. It kills acidity, soothes the stomach and aids digestion so that you can eat what you like and enjoy *every* meal.

DE WITT'S

ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. Of all chemists, in large sky-blue canisters, prices 1/6 and 2/6.

A. W. HELLIWELL *continuing his stories of Giants of the Ring introduces Eddie McGoorty, the*

FIGHTER WHO NEVER SMILED

A DOZEN rows back from the ringside you could hear leather thudding on flesh as the big bulldog-faced man walked flat-footed after his opponent swinging punches with both hands.

All the weight of his hefty, heavily muscled shoulders was behind every blow, and the end was not far distant.

Yet the man who was reeling under that hail of punishment showed no sign of distress.

He now moved slowly on his heels, whereas an hour before he had danced in and out on his toes, yet he still used the ring with the skill of a veteran campaigner.

His left had lost its speed and was utterly useless in trying to stop the other's aggressive rushes. Yet it was still as straight as a rapier blade when he thrust it out.

The grim set of his features had not changed from the minute he had first risen from his stool to touch gloves with Joe Beckett, the British champion.

They were still moulded into an expressionless mask, giving no hint of what might be passing in his mind.

Eddie "Poker-Face" McGoorty always fought like this. Like Buster Keaton, he never smiled; nothing could disturb the calm with which he boxed.

When Beckett slugged him out in seventeen rounds before a £19,000 audience at one of C. B. Cochran's thrilling Olympia nights back in 1919, McGoorty was a soft and flabby substitute for the magnificently trained youngster who ten years before had been whipping the world's best middleweights with his famous "Electric Left."

He had been a man of steel. His smashing left-hook, a lightning-fast punch that often lifted his opponents through the ropes, had been acknowledged as one of the most devastating wallops in the business.

Yet Beckett used McGoorty as a chopping-block.

Although five years older than the British heavy-weight champion, McGoorty was only thirty, yet he moved like a tired, punch-drunk veteran who had stayed at the game too long.

Actually the poker-faced American himself delivered the knock-out blow to a career that was bright with promise. If ever a fighter tossed away his chances it was McGoorty.

EDDIE took on an opponent he could never lick when he tasted his first strong liquor.

It ruined him. It destroyed his once useless strength, softened his magnificent physique and dulled his wits.

No wonder he was called the Fighting Fool!

When he was shooting to the top with meteoric swiftness, McGoorty acquired the habit of celebrating his victories over a magnum or two of champagne.

Then he began drinking *before* the fight instead of after, and there was something of a sensation in the sporting world when McGoorty appeared at Bow Street charged with drunkenness two weeks before his fight with Beckett.

Eddie "Poker Face" McGoorty had everything; faultless style, quick-wit and unrivalled speed

Yet the American managed to go seventeen rounds with Joe, who was then at the peak of his form.

It was the beginning of the end for McGoorty, and the rest of his record was an inglorious curtain to what might have been a dazzling career.

HE had everything; faultless style and quick wit allied to unrivalled speed and punch.

"Poker-Face" Eddie could either box or fight as the mood took him.

Sometimes he would content himself with flicking and jabbing his way to an easy points victory, while his opponent tried in vain to penetrate his cunning defence.

At others he would throw punches at whirlwind speed before he finally connected with his shattering "Electric Left."

London first saw him give a six-round exhibition with Packey McFarland, but his fighting debut was at the National Sporting Club where he was matched against Pat O'Keefe, the smiling Irishman.

A few days before McGoorty, fighting in Liverpool, had knocked Harry Croxon through the ropes with his famous left-hook.

O'Keefe had the Irishman's love of scrapping, and everyone anticipated a ferocious battle. But nobody was prepared for Eddie's astonishing versatility as a fighter.

Against Croxon he had appeared the typical two-fisted, punch-swapping American style of scrapper, but when Pat came out with his gloves moving like pistons, McGoorty boxed him as though he had graduated from Jem Mace's straight-left school.

I don't think the tall, sandy-haired American took the shine off the new glove for at least half a dozen rounds.

It was all left, left, left, flicking in and out like a snake's tongue, and Pat's furious efforts to get to close quarters were in vain.

The Irishman wanted to trade punches, but McGoorty would have none of it. Icily calm, his face as inscrutable as a Sphinx, he refused to be tempted, and for fifteen rounds he toyed with O'Keefe, who was acknowledged to be among the toughest scrappers in Europe, and was soon to become British champion.

Eddie's perfect left kept jerking his head back until his face was raw, but the American never uncorked the terrible "Electric" punch, contenting himself with winning by such a huge margin of points that O'Keefe crossed to his corner to congratulate him before the verdict was announced.

That was Eddie "Poker Face" McGoorty at his best. I would like to remember him like that rather than as the Fighting Fool, going down to defeat before Beckett's ponderous blows.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Listen to the Men They Forgot

BLACKBURN Disabled Ex-Servicemen's Association appeals to the whole country. Many members have been unemployed for ten years, but the average period is eight years. We sacrificed everything in 1914-18, came home disabled and expected at least our country's sympathy.

Since war began in September we have made constant applications to local employers, to the Labour Exchange and the Ministry of Labour. Everything has been done to find employment in a neighbourhood surrounded by Government Works, where hundreds of young girls are in regular work.

Disabled men of Blackburn are "Forgotten Men." There seems to be no hope or no future for us. Some of us are cripples, walking with sticks, but surely there must be jobs we can do?—A. Margerison, Clayton Street, Blackburn.

There must be jobs for these men, and it is to be hoped employers in Blackburn will give them a chance.

Backbone of R.A.F.

JUSTIFIABLE publicity has been given to the air crews who engage the enemy wherever they may be found, but rarely is a word written of the men whose work makes these heroic deeds possible.

Without handing out bouquets the Ground Staff of the R.A.F. represents the backbone of Britain's Air Force.———, R.A.F., East Coast.

Voice of the Pulpit

YOUNG lay preachers, registered as conscientious objectors, offend their congregations by using the pulpit for propaganda purposes.

Texts, prayers and sermons are selected to support the pacifist point of view, and all references to the welfare of our Fighting Forces are carefully omitted.

Those responsible for the appointment of these preachers are asking for trouble. —J. Proctor, Tideswell Road, Shirley, Surrey.

JOHN BULL again wishes to emphasise that toleration is essential to civilisation. Every man is entitled to his own views.

Glory in Pawn

WHEN arrangements were being made for burying an ex-Serviceman, enquiries revealed that his medals were in a local pawnshop. They were redeemed by an old-age pensioner, and the old soldier was buried in all his glory.

When I asked the old-age pensioner why she had made this financial sacrifice she explained that when her son was buried with full military honours it was this ex-Serviceman who sounded the Last Post.—An Undertaker, Prescot, Lancs.

Waste in the Camps

A CARPENTER at a Royal Air Force camp, I see valuable materials slung on the scrap-heap as waste matter every day. A swift examination of material lying in the mud outside a hut included hundreds of bolts and nuts, washers, screws, nails, and various lengths of good timber.

Inexperienced men working with us, receiving £6 a week, spoil great quantities of costly building materials.—G. L. Flint, Gloucester.

Wasting materials brought to this country at risk of life at sea should become a punishable crime.

Old Lamps for Guns

GRIMSBY is to pull down its lamp-posts to use the steel for manufacturing armaments. After the war new lamp-posts will provide better street lighting.—A. W. Whitby, Bramhall Street, Cleethorpes, Lancashire.

Hugo's Policy

ALTHOUGH the idea of Federal Union is generally regarded as something new, Victor Hugo, the famous French author, advocated this policy in the nineteenth century.

In the room where he died, in the Place des Vosges, Paris, is this inscription:—

"I represent a party which does not yet exist—the party of civilisation. This party will make history in the twentieth century. There will issue from it first the United States of Europe, then the United States of the World."

—A. E. Cox, Bolina Road, London, S.E.

What Should He Do?

I AM married, with three children and a regular job, but I feel I ought to do my "bit." When I told my wife I intended to serve aboard a minesweeper she was indignant.

Her view is that the first men to go should be single, or without children to support. She threatens to leave me if I join the Navy, and I know she is quite serious.

Is my place at home, or in the Navy? I cannot come to a decision.—*A. James, Paul Street, Cotham, Bristol.*

There are many men eager to join the Forces now who are giving far more valuable service to the country in workshops and offices. Skilled men, and those with specialised knowledge, are needed at home. Remember it requires fifteen civilians to keep one soldier, sailor or airman equipped at the battle-front.

Women are Silent

SINCE war started women's organisations have been strangely lacking in constructive ideas to meet the international situation. There is no Peace Plan upheld by Europe's womanhood.

What steps are the federated women of Europe taking to influence the present state of affairs?

The struggle for Women's Rights has been forgotten. Women seem to be slipping back into the old position of allowing the men to get on with it.—C. Wilberforce, Vicarage Farm Road, Hounslow, London, E.

It is a phenomenon of the present war that women have set aside political interests to give of their best toward its conduct. Even the Women's Freedom League admits it has nothing to offer in the way of a Peace Plan from woman's point of view.

How Neglected
INDIGESTION GETS WORSE

Indigestion usually starts with just a little **DISCOMFORT AFTER MEALS** and a feeling of **FULLNESS.**
Your stomach is producing too much acid! Other distressing symptoms quickly follow —**FLATULENCE**, that distressing **TIGHTNESS** and **ACCUMULATION OF GAS** set up by fermentation of undigested food. **HEART-BURN** is another trouble to arise, a nasty distressing **REGURGITATION** in the throat and a **BURNING SPOT** behind the left shoulder blade. Then comes **BILIOUSNESS.** You cannot keep the slightest food down. You may *feel* sick but cannot *be* sick. The acid begins to bite into the wall of the stomach. You get **PAIN AFTER MEALS**, indicating **INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH LINING**, and if you continue to neglect these symptoms dreaded **ULCERATION** may follow.

RELIEF AT ONCE

But even at this stage **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** will save you. It will neutralise the acidity, put a soothing coating over the stomach wall and you will get relief almost at once. You can implicitly rely on this statement because every supply of this remedy is sold under definite satisfaction or money back condition. Get a 1/3 bottle of **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** at once. If you are not completely satisfied with the results, return empty carton to Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford, and your money will be refunded in full. This offer applies only to **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** made by Macleans Ltd. **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** is only genuine if the signature "Alex .C. Maclean" appears on bottle, carton or tin.

Alex. C. Maclean

ALSO IN HANDY TABLET FORM
IN POCKETTINS 6d. 9d. 1/3
IN BOTTLES 1/3 2/- 5/-

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder
Fromell Chemists
1/3, 2/- & 5/- PER BOTTLE

IF UNCLE ADOLF COULD SEE ME NOW

I BET old Hitler would give a few quid to see what I'm working on — and I bet he'd throw forty fits if he did. It's a fine thing to be a skilled man these days — though this job's as tough as they make 'em. I wouldn't work these hours in peace time for a large gold clock. Working nights, there's not much chance of a sit-down meal either. Maybe that's why I'm starting to feel the strain. Yes, that's what it is. I reckon it's time I went back to Kruschen.

AND NOW, READER, HOW ARE *YOU* FEELING TODAY?

You don't feel too good — if you feel tired and flat, with a complexion you'd rather not talk about, or persistent headaches — then more than likely the cause is constipation. And if you don't do something about it, nobody else is going to lose any sleep.

Constipation is caused by lack of moisture in the large bowel. The six mineral salts in Kruschen induce that moisture to return, and your constipation is ended. It's as simple as that. Also, it's worth noting that Kruschen is highly diuretic, for effective flushing of the kidneys.

Naturally the amount of Kruschen necessary to relieve acute constipation varies with the individual. But once past that stage, one daily dose of enough to cover a sixpence will keep constipation at bay. As Kruschen is not habit-forming, you never have to increase this tiny dose. Kruschen costs 6d, 1/- and 1/9.

"Go back to Kruschen for the duration"

Strictly BRITISH

This is an interesting fact — you can obtain almost any drink you want in any country of the world. But you can't get a pint of ale or bitter outside Britain, as you can in the British inn. Like the English village green, or the inimitable humour of the cockney — these things are for ever England.

And, in these days of war and strain, it is a good thing that we have beer on our side. Beer is playing a great part in keeping us strong and cheerful.

As Professor Chapman justly stated in his evidence before the Royal Commission on Licensing :—

"It may be said that a quart of good average beer contains nearly as much energy value as half a pound of bread, two-thirds of a pound of beef, and over one pound of potatoes."

Is it not possible that good barley-malt and hops have had much to do with Britain's strength and stamina in the past? And that now, in *this* war, we owe our cheerfulness and staying-power to the fact that we consider beer is best and stick to beer?

Foot Agony

The terrible, stabbing agony of sore, swollen feet — it's just like bayonets pricking into you! And it's all due to stale Foot Acid clogging the skin pores. Your feet have 3,000 tiny pores to every square inch. When feet are tired, these pores get clogged with stale perspiration, *which quickly turns to harsh, biting acid.* This acid hurts! Corns and callouses form. You've got to shift that acid or go on suffering! The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in hot water with a handful of Radox added. Radox liberates 5 times as much oxygen as other bath salts. This oxygen supercharges the water, cleans out clogged pores, lets crippling acid get away. Swellings go down! Tired, aching, acid feet are eased and comforted. Every chemist sells Radox, 1/6 per 10 oz. pink packet, 2/6 double quantity. Also in cubes, 3 for 7½d.

RADOX 10 oz. Pink Packet **1/6**

THE HEAD PEST PROBLEM.

Since the evacuation of children in the early days of the War, the subject of head pests has been treated as if it were a social disgrace, whereas all children are liable to pick up *Pediculus humanus capitis*, despite the utmost cleanliness and other precautions. Infestation only becomes a disgrace if it is not eradicated at once.

The subject has been considered "taboo," with the result that distressed mothers and guardians have not known what to do when the trouble has arisen. All sorts of expedients have been tried, including paraffin and petrol, both of which irritate the scalp and are risky on account of their high inflammability. Vinegar is often used, owing to the entirely mistaken notion that it will dissolve the cement with which nits (eggs) are attached to hairs. Referring to "the innumerable proprietary articles which have been advertised and perhaps sold," Professor Patrick A. Buxton, M.A., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., D.T.M. & H., director of the Department of Medical Entomology of the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, says that "many of them would be appropriately dealt with in a work on magic." Jeyes' Fluid is an exception, however, receiving honourable mention in his recent important book on the subject, and as long ago as 1925 its utility for eradicating this pest was dealt with in "Economic Leaflet No. 1" issued by the Natural History Department of the British Museum. Jeyes' Fluid not only ensures quick disinfestation, but it is not inflammable and is quite safe to use.

Head pests should be dealt with immediately they appear, as each female insect may lay up to 300 eggs during its life of about one month, and perhaps half of these eggs may hatch out as females to continue the process.

The shorter the hair is cut, the easier it is to clear it of the pests. This is said to be the reason why our ancestors shaved their heads and wore wigs, and also to explain the military "short crop."

The following procedure is recommended: (1) Put a dessertspoonful of Jeyes' Fluid in a quart of fairly hot water. (2) Wet all the hair with the solution, and, after rubbing the head well with a tablet of toilet soap, "shampoo" the hair, applying more of the solution with the hands to create a generous lather, which should be rubbed in for about two minutes. (3) Sponge the head with the solution to remove any lather that remains, and repeat the process (2) of shampooing with soap. (4) While there is still a lather on the head from the second application, put a towel round the head in the form of a turban, and leave it on for a few minutes; then wash the head with soap and warm water, and rinse with lukewarm water. After drying, comb the hair with a very fine comb, and also brush it thoroughly over a newspaper, which should afterwards be carefully folded and burnt. (5) Wash combs and brushes in a Jeyes' Fluid solution.

SAVE TEETH
SAVE MONEY
NO WASTE
NO MESS

Give your teeth a SHINE with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

6d and 1/- Prices U.K. only

S. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1 GD2108

WHY CHILDREN ARE FRETFUL

Just think how harmful it is for a child to carry about a lot of poisonous waste matter in his bowels! No wonder children sometimes are "little devils" for no apparent reason! The safest way to give your child a thorough internal cleansing is 'California Syrup of Figs'. It sets up a natural movement that carries away all the clogging, hard waste-matter and leaves the little inside sweetened and clean.

A dose of delicious 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week keeps kiddies regular, happy and well. Get a bottle to-day, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6.

This Photo Shows a Typical IRVONA Figure

HOW I PUT ON A POUND A DAY

In a month I had put on 30 lbs. Read this letter:—"Until a few months ago I was scraggy and weak. I tried dieting, exercises, patent foods and specifics, but never a sign of success. After repeated failures I was persuaded to try Irvona and the result was most astounding. In a month I had put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a skinny, underweight wobbling to a well-formed being full of energy and vitality"

"IRVONA" Tonic Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 2/- for 2 weeks; 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct, post free on receipt of price, from: IRVONA (Dept. 29Y), 1, GERRARD STREET, LONDON, W.1. *No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.*

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS

Thousands of people are using elaborate aids to hearing who are not really deaf. They have Catarrh, which chokes the Eustachian tubes, so that they cannot hear well. In these cases NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy can remove the cause of the trouble. It opens clogged air-passages. Brings away poisonous mucus. Removes congestion. Stops Catarrhal Deafness, Head Noises, Head Colds. Get NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy to-day. All Chemists, 1/3 and 3/-

NOSTROLINE

Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE," J.76, Bristol, 8.

£100—AND GOOD-BYE

AS I was looking into an Italian delicatessen shop-window in Soho's Old Compton Street, wondering whether to take me for late supper half a pound of ghetti or a tin of sardines, a voice my side exclaimed, "Looks like r."

"Yes, darn it," I replied, turning my d towards the speaker, a big-nosed, k-skinned, oily-king, yet well-ssed little man.

"Don't mention the bject to me. It's t cost me my job. ith Poland invaded, e boss didn't wait more. Three of were given notice is afternoon, with week's pay."

I was feeling so ag-ieved that I didn't alise I was saying much to a ranger.

"Bad luck," he id, "but a smart ung fellow like you ll soon be in some-ing else. Wish I could help you. Have drink with me, anyway. There's a pub the corner."

"Well, that's jolly nice of you, but ly one."

Over a couple of beers he explained at he might be able to put something my way, and asked what I had been ing.

I had been clerk to a reputable com-ission agent, a nice chap, who ought that the invasion of Poland ust knock the bottom out of his busi-ess.

I was an Eton boy, and when I lost the chance of taking up law I drifted into car salesmanship, and finally into the commission game.

I wasn't married.

More than I could do to keep myself, thank you!

Out of a job three months before getting the last, and there wasn't much money in that, anyway. Always stony-broke, like most of us these days. And I finished this rambling monologue, more like spoken thoughts than anything else, by adding that I had no hope for the future.

"Well, try to forget it for to-night," says the big-nosed little man. "Look here, what're you doing? Care to drop in with me at a bottle party and enjoy yourself?

"Like to cheer you up. It's on me."

He had another beer with me before I agreed to take advantage of his generosity, and we set off to negotiate three or four narrow streets until we came to a basement door with a sliding peep-hole.

A hefty, dusky-faced commissionaire saluted my friend and admitted us without questions.

A blaze of light, a current of hot air, and a blast of swing music surged up the flight of steps.

We sat at a reserved table in a cramped cellar, listening to a fair-haired bandboy crooning into a "mike" and watching half a dozen couples dancing. Twice as many more people were supping and wining.

The five guineas offered for this week's Reader's Story goes to Mr. C. B. Allome, of Great Titchfield Street, London, W.1.

There may be five guineas for you, too. If you have a story, send it to "John Bull," enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

She explained that she had been in the country less than three months

I felt sorry for my friend's pocket. He'd be lucky if he escaped with any change from a fiver.

He signed a wine order for champagne at £2 the bottle, and we talked over oysters at 15s. a dozen and partridge at 8s. 6d. a plate.

An hour later we started on a second bottle of champagne, and I stopped worrying whether a fiver or a tenner would cover the outing. The atmosphere was heavy with smoke and the mixed scents of women's vanity bags.

MY friend suggested a dance, and beckoned to an attractive platinum blonde in a minimum of red velvet evening gown.

He introduced her as Lucille.

Her name belied her. She was fair-skinned and blue-eyed, and looked more Scandinavian than French. She was definitely a cut above the other flashy dance hostesses.

We danced, and Lucille seemed more than casually interested in me. As her English was broken, we spoke mostly in French.

She explained that she had been in the country less than three months, and I was still puzzled over what she was doing as a hostess in such a dive when my host said I might repay him for so lavishly helping me to forget a lost job.

"Well, I'll tell you, old man," he said confidentially. "But don't be shocked. It may be a way of putting something your way. You see, Lucille's French, and her permit to remain in this country expires in a fortnight unless—unless she can become a British subject by persuading a charming young Englishman like yourself to marry her. Worth £100 to you."

I tried to pull myself together.

"But, you're joking. I must have had one over the eight. What's that you say?"

Lucille smiled with embarrassment.

He looked at her and turned to me.

"No hurry. Sit down. Think it over. Special licence, and married, say, next Wednesday. Just a formal ceremony, and then it can be good-bye. You leave the registrar's office with £100 in your pocket."

My head was swimming.

I still couldn't take it in.

LUCILLE stroked my hand.

"Get me some black coffee," I ordered.

"I must think . . . special licence . . . £100 . . no job . . . British husband . . . what for . . . don't know you charming girl . . . French . . . eh? . . . coffee . . . thanks!"

I had still more coffee, and tried to puzzle out the whole funny business as the saxophone whined in my ears.

I had time to do some muddled thinking before five o'clock, when I pompously announced my decision to my companions.

"Listen. I'll do it. I like Lucille, and should be sorry to disappoint her. Here's my address. If she will come there at ten o'clock on Monday morning with the necessary, I'll get the licence and try to arrange it for Wednesday. Thanks again, both of you, for a grand evening."

They took me to my flat in a cab, and a few hours later I was with a Secret Service man in Whitehall going through a batch of photographs of "suspect" Nazi agents. As I expected, Lucille was among them.

She was arrested at my place within twenty-four hours of Britain's declaration of war, and so far as I know she is now in an internment camp without further need of a husband for "the duration."

ACES OF THE SECRET SERVICE: BY LOUIS MANSFIELD

Spy-Priest Eludes Beauty

IT is more than likely that the Nazi invasion of Scandinavia will be followed by an intensive drive against the priests and uns found in the countries con-erned.

Quite apart from their religious ntipathies, Nazis have good cause to ar wearers of "the cloth."

They know that the Church provided me of the most successful Allied spies uring the last war.

Of all the priests playing spy for Britain, none did more yeoman service han Abbé de Moor, the hero who won me as "Monsieur Marcel."

When the Germans marched into Belgium he was forced to flee to England, and the British Secret Service decided that the Abbé de Moor could be extremely valuable.

Within a month, "Monsieur Marcel" had emerged from Folkestone Spy School with flying colours, and was sent to Flushing to intercept Belgian refugees and persuade them to re-enter occupied territories as English agents.

But things moved too slowly for the energetic priest.

He smuggled himself into Belgium so he could visit a number of his old friends, including the Abbé de Clercq, who was shot as a spy in 1916, the Abbé Trulin, the Abbé Saemays, and various nuns and influential townspeople.

Within a short time he had a dozen agents as the nucleus of the Service Marcel."

The Abbé de Moor's "Service" eventually embraced such "headline spies" as Pierre, Francois and Auguste Mus, Leonie Vanhoutte, Louise de Bettignies, Gabrielle Petit, Joseph Bract, Jules Delaplace and hundreds of minor agents.

"Monsieur Marcel" ordered his recruits to concentrate on identifying German Army units, reporting troop movements, mounting train-watching posts and spotting gun positions.

Within twelve months he was able to keep Whitehall posted on almost every important happening throughout the whole of south-western Belgium.

Even so, Captain Bergan, chief of the German Counter Espionage Service in Holland, had no intention of allowing "Monsieur Marcel" to work unmolested.

When the Abbé crawled through the high-voltage wire fence, outside Maastricht, one night in 1915, to receive some reports from one of his couriers, it was not a packet of papers that came whizzing through the darkness but a hand-grenade, which fell wide.

Another time he was kidnapped by a group of German agents, and succeeded in extricating himself only by blasting his way out with an automatic pistol.

Germans were so eager to end the Abbé's adventures that they detailed infamous Sarah Bluthner to trap him.

The world still thinks that the beautiful Sarah committed suicide through an unfortunate love affair.

Only a few know that she was dumped into the sea.

"Monsieur Marcel" and one of his agents, Louis X., were summoned to Folkestone in 1916.

They had barely started on their return journey when Louis grabbed the Abbé by the arm.

"Have you seen her?" he demanded excitedly. "She's on board!"

"Who's on board?"

"Sarah Bluthner! I just met her, face to face. And she gave me a message for you. 'Tell Monsieur Marcel that it has taken me a long time to trap the two of you,' she said, 'but now I have succeeded. For you two, this voyage ends in Berlin—not Flushing!'

"We'd better not go to bed to-night," said the Abbé.

When the ship was off Zeebrugge early next morning, the watchers caught the reflection of a powerful flash-lamp flickering from the stern.

Louis went aft to investigate and a few minutes later the Abbé de Moor heard a scream and a splash.

Running to the stern he found Louis gazing at the dark water.

"I threw her over," he said vacantly. "I couldn't help it!"

"What on earth for? What happened?"

"Just as I got here she turned round and said, 'I've just finished flashing a message to Zeebrugge to say you're on board. In less than an hour one of our U-boats will stop the ship. That means the firing-squad for you.

"I couldn't help it. I just grabbed her by the throat and pitched her over!"

Luckily for the spies no one else had heard the screams. And a storm prevented the U-boat leaving Zeebrugge.

The Abbé de Moor and the faithful Louis reached Flushing, where they continued to operate until the Armistice.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Grin and Bear It

RICH MAN'S PUFF

By Oliver Plush

BY special arrangement with the talented author (meaning me), I am able to give you a thrilling extract from that devastating drama of lurve and passion "Only a Laundry Girl, or Mangled Hearts."

"I will give you all your heart can crave," breathed Sir Uvula, twirling his handlebars (T.T. pattern) moustaches. "I will smother you in sapphires, roll you in rubies, drench you in diamonds, if you will but say the word."

Proudly the girl drew herself up.

"I may be only a poor working girl," she retorted, "but I have my pride. Never will I bow to your blandishments."

"I will dress you in mink and musquash," persisted the baronet. "Feed you on caviare——."

"You are wasting your time, Sir Uvula," Cabbagia retorted.

Frantically the bold bad baronet seized her lily hand.

"I will do more," he vowed. "So rich am I that you shall have beer with both your dinner and supper, and what is more, I will buy you ten cigarettes a day!"

"Uvula!" With a glad cry, the girl flung herself into the waiting arms.

Riches had triumphed!

Upon my Sam, there's no competing with some blokes. Here's an American lecturer in psychology insisting that the eyes are a mirror to the mind, yet most girls you meet have bright eyes.

Binding Claim

A publisher claims that he owes success to the smart way in which his books are always turned out. What the laddie means is that his books are bound to please.

Nature's Wonderful

That batty old buddy of mine Professor Sebastian Snurdge has been at it again. This time he has been trying to cross glowworms with greenflies to provide the Navy with an inexhaustible supply of starboard lights.

Nasty Smack!

A boxing contest in aid of the Red Cross went the full twenty rounds.

Obviously amateurs.

Heartbreak Corner

Have you heard of the young telephone operator who was such a wonderful ballroom dancer that she was persuaded to take to dancing professionally?

On the first night she appeared at a West End restaurant she was sacked by the management for giving the customers a wrong rumba.

Cousin Queenie's Corner

My dearest Girls,

WHAT *do* you think little meenie-weenie has been doing this week? I've been having just the most thrillsome time at a great big farm "somewhere in the country." (Aren't I just too tactful, dears?)

I went all the way down to the West Countree where Drake went to sea from, because on the farm there I heard there were just *dreffful* lots of those brave Amazons of the Acres, as I call the Land Girls, carrying on their job, and I was just *too* anxious to see how they were carrying on.

My dears, I was divinely thrilled when one of the girlikins I had been making chattery with all through dinner said she was *sure* all the other girls working far out in the fields would adore it if I would wave them a cheery greeting.

So on her suggestion I stood on a little hill at the edge of a cornfield and shook a rattle to attract their attention, and then waved just like billyo, repeating the rattlery and waving every few minutes.

And the farmer who came up after about an hour told me I had done simply fine, although I saw no girls, only birds—and the poor things did seem scared.

What fun!

Your loving

QUEENIE

Personalities No. 4
Gracie Fields

"Oor Graacie" has charm and "Oor Graacie" has wit,
When she's doing her act she's a Miss with a hit,
And helps us forget all the war's many crises
When—just like the Navy—she masters the High C's.
"Oor Graacie" has skill far beyond all her peers,
To conjure both laughter and tears from packed tiers,
And her voice it is great, but it's clear that I state a
Great truth when I say that her HEART'S *even greater.*

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.

This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions—namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

OLD BILL

By Bruce Bairnsfather

"If loading these —— beets comes under 'Diggin' for Victory,' we must 'ave won two months ago."

The Last Laugh

MRS. B. (Maidstone).—"My old ma says if he is too old for the i fantry he can perhaps drive lorry. What can I do with a ma like that?" Best not to stand in his wa

P. R. (Honiton).—"What else does trombone player need besides good lun and a knowledge of music?" A trombon

TOMMY (Brighton).—"Mummy sa I'm too old to cry but too young to up late." You never know where you a with women, do you, Tommy?

A. Y. (Bristol).—"I was amazed at th rapture in the youngster's look as he co templated the red glow in the sky Maybe it was his school burning down.

D. B. (St. Albans).—"I am told that American astronomer has discovered new planet." When he has time, th Fuehrer will no doubt try to put it und his protection.

N. C. (Haslemere).—"The salesma wants to sell me a car which is the typ he says, that pays for itself." Tell hi to keep it in the showroom until it ha done so and then have it delivered.

D. W. (Windsor).—"It is believed Germany that clothing is very scarce England." Apparently word has g through about some of London's nigh club cabarets.

MILDRED (Kenton).—"I find most me seem to accept me at my own valuation. Your figure must be a reasonable one.

N. T. (Aylesbury).—"I enclose detail of my plan for invading Germany. wonder whether you will be able to follo me?" No, you will have to go on you own.

D. B. (Bath).—"What is the best poiso for rats?" Sorry, but we don't know single one that is really good for them.

D. M. (Leeds).—"The man was obviously up to no good, but my daughter's shrick frightened him away." What a good jo you let her take up singing.

EDGAR (Bourne).—"I have now been bachelor for forty years and I ca honestly say I have never propose to a single woman." But what abou widows?

L. W. (Swindon).—"Can you tell me th meaning of the German word 'nein' an the French word 'non'?" No.

SOPHIE (Watford).—"When she hear that I was going to the dance in a brand new frock, what do you think m brother's girl friend came in?" temper?

G. N. (Hendon).—"To please her hus band she has turned herself into a plati num blonde." What could be fairer tha that?

T. B. (Finchley).—"The waiter assure me that the salmon had come all the wa from the north of Scotland." So no you know why you had to wait so lon for it.

C. B. (Frensham).—"I heard it said re cently that many modern novelists writ entirely for their own pleasure." W gladly accept that explanation.

M. M. (Darfield).—"Didn't you think the jokes I sent to you were really funny?' Frankly, we didn't; but when we threw them in the grate the fire jus roared.

F. W. (Norwich).—"The argument as t whether Dempsey would have defeated Louis is futile, as it can never be put to the test." It is much the same regarding the rival claims of Dr. Goebbels and Ananias.

Cat-and-Dog Corner

MRS. L. (Harrow).—"I was madly in love, and before I married I could do nothing without him." And now you can do nothing with him?

MRS. G. (Morden).—"My husband used to be a very good swimmer, but he hates the sight of water now." See letter below.

MR. G. (Morden).—"And the girl I rescued from drowning many years ago ultimately became my wife." See letter above.

D. R. (Exeter).—"It is surprising what a difference a drop of oil makes to the smooth running of a house." Especially if you accidentally drop a spot on the wife's best frock.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"... the floods submerged three potato PIES containing 250 tons of potatoes . . ."

WEST WALES OBSERVER:—"... we are glad to record that Mr. W—— is MUCH THE WORSE for his mishap."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—"Let us see a CANARY put into operation immediately, instead of wasting valuable English currency in buying from foreign markets."

SPORTING POST:—"Motherwell were FORTUNATE to lose the services of W——."

THE SOUTHPORT VISITER:—"... paid a tribute to the singing of the school CHAIR."

MORECAMBE VISITOR:—"Edith W—— said she WAS THE COLLISION."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"At 12.45 a.m. more planes arrived and dropped BATTLESHIPS."

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN:—"One German and one student were wounded. It is said that the other students escaped across the BOARDER."

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

3/-

This Coupon with P.O. for 3/6 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles you to a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) will be accepted in part payment, each coupling as 2/- off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 3/6 plus 3d. postage and insurance.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPARTMENT, 130-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON W.C. 2.

PRIZES value over £730 for READERS THIS WEEK!

"BULLETS" 1,216 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £400:

W. T. CONN, 90, Barrington Road, Stockwell, S.W.

Example: BRITANNIA CALLED AND
Bullet: ONCE AGAIN, ONCE SUFFICED.

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

R. J. SMITH, 15, Courtral Road, London, S.E.
Example: Prizes Of War,
Bullet: Show Jack's "Top Boy."

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

S. L. NORMAN, 14, Perivale Gardens, Ealing.
Example: In Denmark To-day.
Bullet: "Pigs" Cow "Sheep."

£9: E. N. Elburn, "Egremont," Orchard Leigh, Chesham. **On The Farm Front—Post Best, Posthaste! £8:** Mrs. F. Bonathan, 199, Galliard Road, Edmonton. **The Latest Topic—Cabbages And *King Edwards*. £7:** T. A. Birch, "Melroyd," Kirkham Road, Freckleton, nr. Preston. **In Ruins To-day—Your "Castles"? Somebody's Cottage. £6:** C. B. Howdill, 30, Hanover Square, Leeds. **On Britain's Side—America's Willing To *Argue*! £5:** W. Davies, 200, Carmarthen Road, Cwmbwrla, Swansea. **Nobody's Business—Youngster Everyone Condemns Later.**

TEN PRIZES OF £2. 10. 0:

W. B. Bolter, Police Station, Cradley, nr. Cradley Heath. **The Danger Is—*Nazis* "Flooding" Holland First.** W. Bruce, 114, Londesborough Road, Southsea. **Hitler's Mistake—Changing His *Naval* Arm.** W. Bryson, 88, Coatbridge Road, Glenmavis, by Airdrie. **Big Mistake—Started With Small Stakes.** Mrs. E. M. Haines, 211, Blackfen Road, Sidcup. **On The Farm Front—Phyllis Helps Fill Us.** Mrs. M. Harrison, 10, Hurn Way, Christchurch. **Now Auntie's A Warden—Attending "Exercises"—And "*Unbending*."** O. Haward, 9, Moorfield Road, Manchester. **Getting A Bit Rusty—Warden's Whistle—Pea Sprouting!** J. O. Hodge, Crediton, Bow, North Devon. **Bitter Lesson—Tommy "Enlisted" Cometh's Girl.** A. Inman, "Sealands," Botany Road, Margate. **In Germany To-day—"Rubbish" Is "Cooked Up."** D. Mackey, 23, Cambridge Street, Wolverton. **Sowing The Seed—Wifey—"I'm Perfect Scarecrow!"** Mrs. K. Piper, 24, The Chilterns, Brighton Road, Sutton, Surrey. **On Wifey's Side—Mother—Rarely Leaves Side!**

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a "Bullet," simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below:

GAMBLER HITLER
VICTORY'S CERTAIN, BUT
IN INDUSTRY'S RANKS
THE DAY WILL COME WHEN
TRUSTING TO LUCK
HUMANITY | TO SAVE PAPER
OUR FOOD | DARING DEED
GRUMBLING WON'T HELP, SO
GOOD PROPAGANDA
TO THE RESCUE
REGARDLESS OF EVERYTHING
SMALLER AND SMALLER
WHAT THE RECRUIT SAID
HARD TO EXPLAIN
SHOW YOU'RE PATRIOTIC AND
HOLIDAYS ARE COMING, BUT
WATCHING AND WAITING
OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

WHY I'M ..... JOB FOR A .....
WHEN HER ..... RETURNS
RUINED ..... AMBITION
..... NEWS

ENTRY-FEE.—Coupons must be accompanied by crossed P.O. made payable to "John Bull," at the rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" entered. Write name, address and date of posting on back. If preferred, stamps at the rate of 3d. for each "Bullet," firmly stuck to one piece of paper, may be enclosed instead of P.O.

ADDRESS "BULLETS" ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,220, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

UNLIMITED FREE SAVINGS STAMPS.—Prepaid Entry Vouchers at 6d. each are now obtainable from JOHN BULL in batches of 5 for 2s. 6d. P.O.—or 10 for 5s. P.O. No less than 20 per cent. of amount you pay for these Vouchers is refunded to you in FREE National Savings Stamps. Application may be enclosed with *Bullets* or Crossword entry.

This £200 First Prize cheque for "Bullets" No. 1,220 or that for 1,219 or 1,221 will be augmented to £300 cash according to which of these First Prize "Bullets" is adjudged most meritorious.

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order, or Stamps stuck to one piece of paper, must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

BONUSES value £2
The ten entrants for this Contest whose sets of Four "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit will each receive a Bonus Award value £2.

EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" on this coupon.

P.O. ..... No. .....

"BULLETS" 1,220
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, MAY 11

FREE "BULLETS" You may enclose 2 FREE "Bullets" on plain paper if you enter fully completed 4-effort coupon above.

SIGNED _____

ADDRESS _____

REMEMBER TO ENCLOSE ADDRESSED LABEL FROM FOOT OF THIS PAGE

ENTER on SQUARES BELOW for "John Bull's" ENTERTAINING X-WORD!

WIN £30 WEEKLY for LIFE
Who wants over £1500 IN CROSSWORD PENSION PAYMENTS DURING THE NEXT 20 YEARS?
£100 BETWEEN 10 RUNNERS-UP & UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS FOR 200 RUNNERS-UP EACH EXCHANGEABLE FOR FOUR SAVINGS STAMPS
One week only!

X-WORD RULES AND CONDITIONS

Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided—fill up entry-form in ink, not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to bear postmark of not later than Saturday, May 11.

Entry-fee at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross "/& Co./" and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to be firmly affixed to one separate piece of paper. No entrant may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Address and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee—and all decisions will be based on the answers of competitors.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 23; entries accepted only on the condition that this published result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or misplaid and no correspondence can be entered into.

Should First or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it; not more than one First or Runners-up prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the Findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of "John Bull" in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants. Failure to comply with any of these Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 201, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ACROSS CLUES

1. What the records are, in many an office
2. Bomber's is generally a heavier one than ordinary fighter's
4. Bathers sometimes dive in
7. It's as easy to paint them black as to whitewash them
8. Newspapers naturally do not give great deal of vital news in this
9. Should be handled with care when boiling
10. When friends have had one too many, this may make them fight
17. Heavy one for plant should be avoided if possible
18. Landowner may well sell this to local council to fit in with their by-pass plans

DOWN CLUES

1. Stubborn one may be the kind that's hard to overlook
3. Heavy article will most likely be found to be worth something if it's this
5. Sun shining on your face may well make you realise that you require this
6. Calls on you for money
10. Methodical housewife spends so much money each week and saves this for landlord
11. Might interfere with effectiveness of Britain's blockade
12. Is used here during winter months
13. Good solid timber should be chosen if you're making one
14. Decent citizens would not do this in war
15. Not seen on many British tables—and probably a rarity in Germany

SEND COUPON INTACT, WHATEVER YOUR ENTRY

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. (or Stamps on separate paper) for entry-fee as directed.

J.B. X-WORD No. 201, Closing Postmark, SATURDAY, MAY 11.

P.O. Value.....
No.....
Don't omit to complete Label below.

SIGNED.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

RESULT AND WINNING SQUARE—X-WORD No. 198.

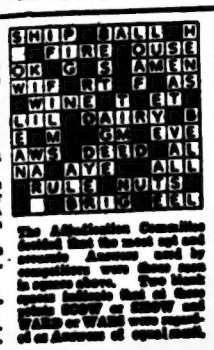
In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 198, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following three competitors:—

E. RUSH, 28, Rolands Road, Bargeddie, Blantyre.
J. GILMOUR, 18, Young Terrace, Springburn, Glasgow.
J. SMITH, Top Flat, 8, Durham Road, London, W.5.

These competitors share the First Prize of £1,200 and a cheque for £400 will be sent to each.

The £150 Award to Runners-up has been divided between 69 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £2 2s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £50 will be divided between Runners-up who submitted 4 or more Squares in Contest No. 198 and every prize-winner will receive War Savings Bonds as announced.



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those runs in square above. Two black spots indicate that at these points SHOW or SHOW and WARE or WARE were repeated as Answers of equal merit.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. SHIP. 5. BALL. 6. FIRE. 9. AMEN. 10. WIFE. 12. DAIRY. 13. DEED. 17. ALL. 18. RULE. 19. NUTS. 20. EEL.
DOWN.—1. SHOW or SHOW. 2. FIR. 3. EMP. 4. LOAF. 5. BEES. 7. SHAT. 8. FILES. 11. TIER. 12. DEAR. 14. BELL. 15. WARE or WARE. 16. AYE.

WIN £300 FREE!

If you submit Crossword Entry value 1s. or over, you may enclose TWO "Bullets" FREE for current offer.

FREE "GAZETTE" and "BULLETIN"

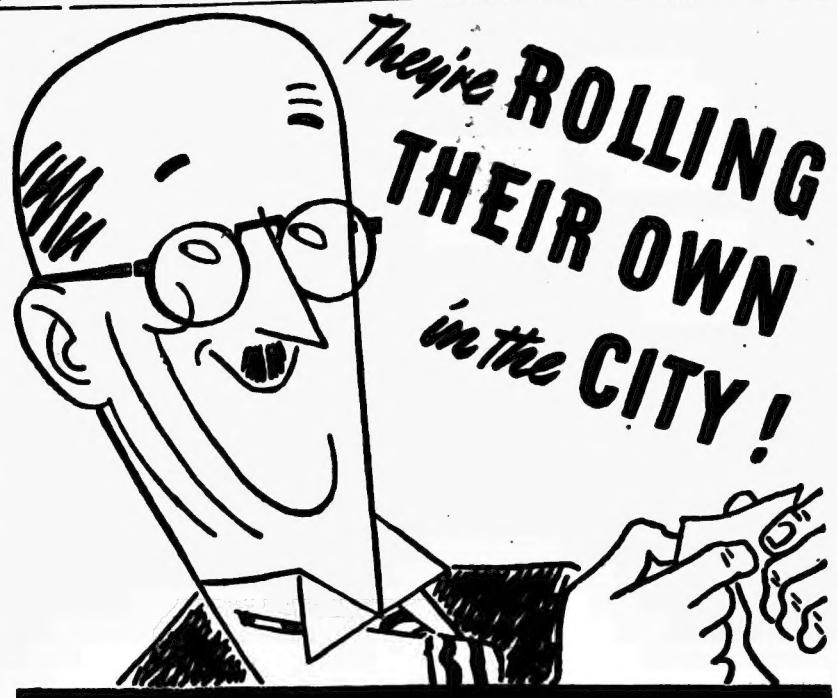
To secure your FREE copy of Crossword Gazette & "Bullets" Bulletin, dated May 25, you must affix 1d. stamp for postage to adjoining space and address LABEL fully to yourself.

YOU MUST AFFIX 1D STAMP HERE FOR POSTAGE

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS LABEL

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
_____
S3 _____



TO GET QUALITY CIGARETTES *for less money!*

THE Budget's done one good thing. It's shown people that if they want quality cigarettes for less outlay, they've got to "roll their own" with Gainsborough. Everywhere, on the Stock Exchange, in the Law Courts, in the Forces, they're rolling their Gainsboroughs and enjoying cool, soothing cigarettes.

It's easy to ROLL YOUR OWN CIGARETTES *like an expert!*

Maybe your first two or three efforts will raise a laugh. But pretty soon you'll find rolling your own Gainsboroughs is as easy, and quicker, than filling a pipe, and directly you've got the knack, you'll find yourself rolling real "tailor-mades". Of course, if you're really and truly lazy, you can get a cheap and efficient pocket cigarette machine at your tobacconist.

FREE! *With every ounce of Gainsborough you get a packet of 30 cigarette papers!*

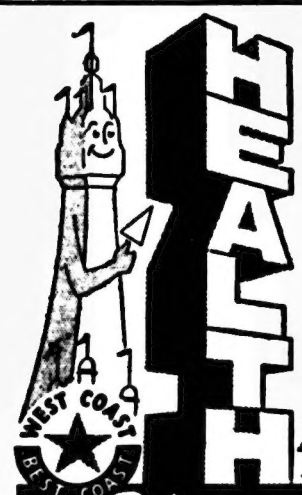
GAINSBOROUGH

GOLDEN RETURNS

CIGARETTE TOBACCO

(IN FRANCE FRS. **3.75** per oz. tin *At all N.A.A.F.I. Canteens*) **1/3** AN OUNCE

★ ALSO GAINSBOROUGH MIXTURE FOR PIPE SMOKERS 1/3 AN OZ.



HEALTH

Blackpool builds up Health . . .

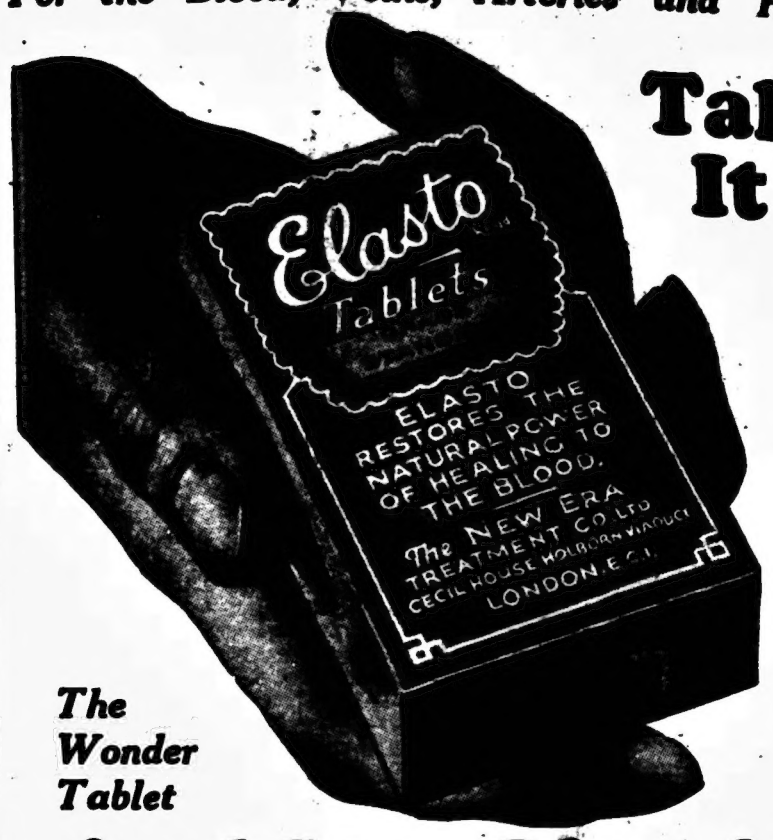
Keep guard on your health at Blackpool this year. No rationing of tonic air and no shortage of accommodation. Blackpool has EVERYTHING. Entertainments, sports and all pleasures in full swing and bigger and better than ever.

Free Guide and accommodation list from W. Foster, Dept. 14 Town Hall, Blackpool.

CHEAP FARES & EXPRESS TRAINS BY LMS

Blackpool

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart


Elasto
Tablets
ELASTO RESTORES THE NATURAL POWER OF HEALING TO THE BLOOD.
The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO LTD
CECIL HOUSE HOLBORN VIADUCT
LONDON E.C.1

Take It!

The Wonder Tablet

—And Stop Limping

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of 'Elasto.' Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg ulcers (bad-leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish, and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto'.

Everybody is Asking—What is 'Elasto'?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood*. Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say:

"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to 'Elasto,' my leg is now completely cured."

"After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and the pain has left my legs."

"For seven years my leg had been running from four varicose ulcers and I cannot describe the pain I suffered. Now they have all healed and my general health has greatly improved due to the wonderful qualities of 'Elasto.'"

"My piles are gone, my legs are better and I feel better in my general health."

"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg are quite gone, and my general health is much improved."

"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."

"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but 'Elasto' cured me."

"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day." Etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the health-restoring powers of 'ELASTO,' the wonderful new Biomedical Remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Here's Good News! You Can Test 'Elasto' Free!

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet, fully explaining 'Elasto,' the new Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of testimonials, *showing what 'Elasto' has done for others*, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES! *'ELASTO' IS SOLD BY CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE.*

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF 'ELASTO' ★

'ELASTO' (DEPT. 15), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.
Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, fully explaining how 'Elasto,' *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood. [J.B. No. 4540]

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Issued by the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

F. 46 J.B.L.122 109 ★

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free Inland and Canada 12s. per annum; all other parts of the world, 13s. 2d. per annum. Postage: Inland and Canada 2d.; all other countries 1½d. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newspapers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd.'s Bookshops at 70, Boulevard Adolphe Max, Bruxelles, and 248, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and Messageries Dorizon, 4, Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière, Paris, France.

B.226 A.387